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# THE ILLUSTRATED TOURS TOURS

# Christmas Number



1982



There's an art in picking the right one.







# The Illustrated

Christmas Number 1982

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(WINSTON CHURCHILL)



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## The festival of Christmas

by the Right Reverend B. J. Masters, Bishop of Fulham

It comes as a surprise to many people to be told that we do not know the actual date of the birth of Jesus Christ. Indeed in the earliest days of the Christian Church there was little interest in the date of Christmas. The feast as we know it was not kept. The great, the only feast of the Christian year was the celebration of Easter—the death and resurrection of Jesus. However, by the third century Christians had begun to feel the need to celebrate Christ's birth as an event in the calendar: it was a natural and human desire to keep a birth-day. The fact that the date of Jesus's birth was not known left Christians free to choose the date with the most meaning. So that time of the year was chosen when the days began to lengthen after the darkest period; December 25 was named and the fact that this was a pagan feast day in midwinter was incidental.

The Christian Gospel fulfils and does not destroy the basic true instincts of man. The Christian faith does not stand aloof from nature but gladly associates itself with the course of nature. It is, however, a faith that is based firmly on a historical fact. Christmas has its origins in an event—a human birth—which took place when Quirinius was Governor of Syria and the Emperor Caesar Augustus had ordered a census. The birth of Jesus is such an important, indeed unique, fact that Christian history is now dated from it.

The Church keeps Christmas traditionally by the celebration of the Eucharist three times: at midnight, around the dawning of the day and during the day itself. This is a custom which came from Jerusalem. First the vigil was kept at Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus, reminding us that God became man in a particular place at a particular time. Then at dawn a procession from there reached Jerusalem for the second mass; and finally on the day itself there would be a great gathering of all Christians in the main church of the city. They came together to worship Him and to proclaim the good news to the world. The Gospel according to St John, read on the day, puts it this way: "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us."

It is the astonishing fact that God became man, coming among us as a baby in unpromising circumstances—someone for whom there was no room in the inn. Only in the place of his birth, Bethlehem, was there any hint of his real greatness: it had been promised that the Messiah would

appear in the royal city of David. There Mary gave birth to Jesus, to God himself. He remained in every way God, yet he took on human nature, he took on a human body and lived a human life with us. Two lines of a carol sum up and express this fundamental truth:

"He is that he was and for ever shall be

But became that he was not for you and for me."

That is why we keep the festival of Christmas—all that is familiar to us. And although some aspects of our celebration are of relatively recent origin, the astonishing mixture of the sacred and the secular—the crib, the carols, the holly and the ivy, the bells, the gifts—combine to make a unique impact upon us. No amount of commercialization or cynicism can prevent us from recognizing that we are celebrating an event of the most profound significance.

For those non-believers for whom December 25 is a midwinter festival, a rest and pause for a time of enjoyment with family and friends, there still remains something of the true meaning of Christmas. For both Christian and non-Christian alike can recognize at this time of feasting and enjoyment the strange contrasts that lie behind it all. A time of abundance and plenty reminds us of millions of hungry and starving people in the world. As we draw closely together in our own family circles among our most immediate friends we are reminded of the outsider, the refugee, the dispossessed. A striking and significant feature of the modern Christmas has been the practical concern now expressed for the destitute both at home and abroad. The many Christmas appeals are a real expression of the meaning of Christmas at the deeper level.

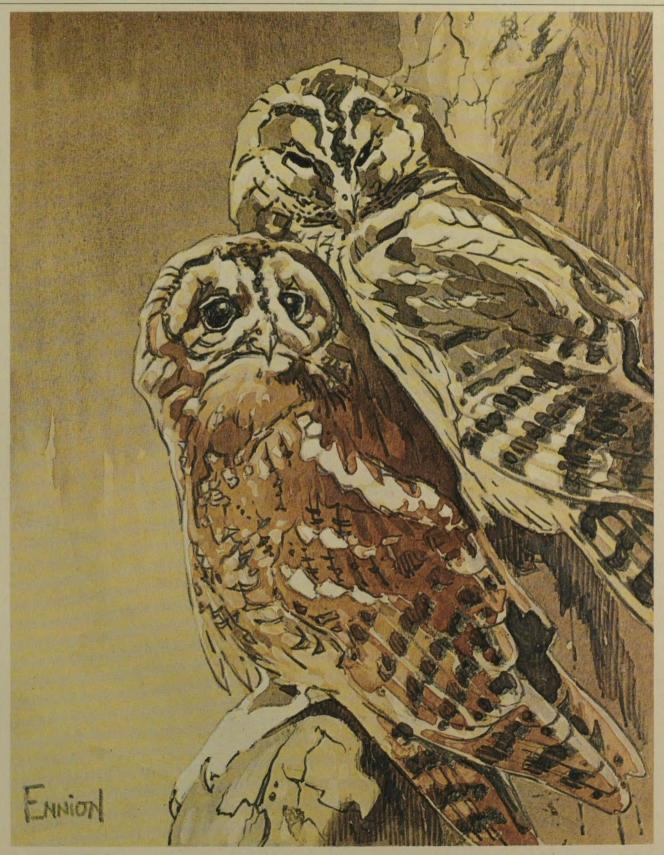
Can this spirit of goodwill and the desire to express it in practical ways last beyond a few days? The darker side of man—our sin and selfishness—reasserts itself. So the baby born at Bethlehem becomes the man who hangs upon the Cross at Calvary. Truly the shadow of the Cross lies over the manger but that cannot, should not, prevent us from being filled with joy and happiness at Christmas and expressing that joy in our love of others; it has been revealed that God is love and therefore, even in this world, there is the possibility—because of the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus—of sharing with God his love and the promise of being with Him for ever.



# Birds by Ennion

Eric Ennion, who died in February, 1981 at the age of 80, was a doctor with a passion for wildlife. He worked for 20 years in his father's practice at Burwell in Cambridgeshire, then after the war gave up medicine to become the first warden of Flatford Mill Field Study Centre on the Suffolk Stour. There he was at last able to follow the pursuit that had since boyhood been nearest to his heart: to draw and paint the birds he knew so well from observation. The studies on this and the following pages, from *The Living Birds of Eric Ennion*, recently published by Gollancz at £10, are field sketches kept by Ennion as references for his larger paintings,

plus some illustrations. After five years at Flatford Ennion moved to Northumberland to reside in a house between Seahouses and Bamburgh. This was to become his own private field centre for bird observation. In 1961 came a final move to an old watercress farm at Shalbourne in Wiltshire—another excellent habitat for his favourite subjects of study—where he spent the rest of his life. Ennion's sketches, together with the perceptive notes that often accompanied them, reveal his intimate knowledge of and sympathy with the birds he so lovingly recorded.



Tawny owls painted for a Christmas card for the British Trust for Ornithology. Ennion wrote: "Playing among the trees are a couple of tawny owls . . . Nobody, knowing them only at dusk, would believe how red they are. Red as a fox, with white-stockinged feet and a broad white sash over its shoulder . . ."

#### Birds by Ennion



Robin threat display. "These robins, happening to meet at the boundary of their territories, are displaying to each other; each drawn up to full height and puffing out an aggressively red breast." A painting from *Bird Study in a Garden*.



Group of three dunnocks or hedge sparrows in winter, their feathers fluffed out against the cold.





A group of common warblers: whitethroat, garden warbler, chiffchaff, willow warbler, and cock and hen blackcaps. This painting is designed to show the differences between species without exaggeration.



A whimbrel in courtship display. It is known as the Seven-Whistler because of its seven-note call.



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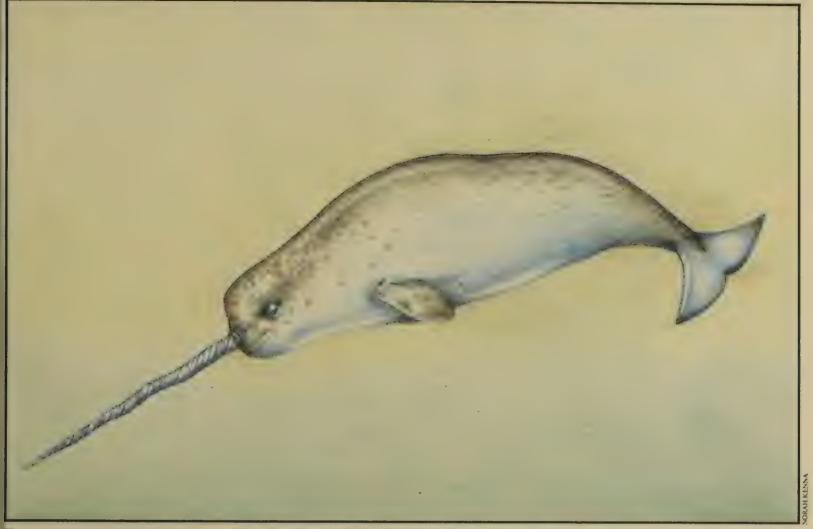
#### Champagne Krug

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# The unicorn from the sea

by Noel Vietmeyer



The summer storm slashed out of the nearby Arctic so swiftly and violently that Martin Frobisher's three fragile ships were almost pulverized. With kneeling crews thanking God for deliverance, the trio of vessels limped to shelter in a vast, ice-spattered inlet on Baffin Island's south-eastern corner. It was July, 1577, and Frobisher was to get little farther in his search for an Atlantic-to-Pacific passage across the top of North America. The voyage so far had yielded few exciting discoveries but here on a small island in their inlet haven (now known as Frobisher Bay) some crew members found "a great dead fish". The fish was unlike any ever previously recorded. It was "round like to a porpoise, being about 12 feet long ... having a horn of 2 yards long growing out of the snout or nostrils'

A fish with a horn? It seemed miraculous. The horn was of such pure ivory, so straight, and of such a perfectly tapered and spiralled shape that Frobisher knew he had made a historic discovery: a marine species of unicorn.

This was not entirely unexpected. It was then widely believed that every terrestrial creature had to be balanced by a marine counterpart, and that sooner or later an aquatic unicorn would be found. Besides, any doubts were

The narwhal, source of the unicorn myth and still shrouded in mystery.

quickly dispelled when the crew hacked away the horn and performed the standard, time-honoured test for fraudulent unicorn horns. They put supposedly poisonous spiders into its hollow core, as a true unicorn horn was the absolute antidote for any poison. Indeed, the test turned out as the naïve. aging Frobisher undoubtedly hoped it would in his eagerness to laud the newly discovered frozen wastelands. The spiders died and validated the horn. "This horn . . . may truly be thought to be the sea-unicorn," he wrote, and later he proudly presented the gleaming ivory lance to Queen Elizabeth, who commanded that it be reserved as a jewel.

Thus Frobisher reported to Europe the existence of the narwhal, a dolphinsized whale which still exists, although it remains almost as little known in our time as in Frobisher's.

Although perhaps 20,000 to 30,000 narwhals (often pronounced narwhales) still cruise in Arctic waters, their biology, life history and habits remain obscure to most of us. Narwhals have seldom been studied in detail, and they have never been successfully held in captivity for more than

a few months. Reclusive animals, they inhabit remote and frigid Canadian, Greenland and Soviet coasts far from shipping lanes and whaling grounds, so even dead narwhals are rarely seen.

Mystery still enshrouds them. We do know that narwhals are not fish but airbreathing mammals and that no horn sprouts from their forehead. Instead, adult males have one enormous left tooth in the upper jaw. Growing continuously throughout the animal's life, it stabs through the upper lip, emerging as a shaft of ivory projecting out as far as 8 feet from the head. Strangely, it is the only tooth that narwhals have: though some aberrations occur, adult males usually have no other teeth and females and juveniles have none at all.

Few, if any, animal products have ever inspired man's imagination so profoundly as these whales' teeth. The tusks had been carried to Europe by Viking sea rovers several centuries before Frobisher's discovery, but whence, and from what, they came had been kept secret. Mirrored in mystery as they were, their impact on European culture was dramatic. For around these horns developed the myth of the unicorn, the noblest of animals, the beast that fasci-

nated the mind of the Middle Ages. Pondering what kind of creature could support a heavy ivory pole on its head, Europeans accepted the idea of the single-horned horse. It had been thought of far earlier but the gleaming, almost mystical ivory tapers brought back by the Vikings gave the unicorn an aura of substance and reality—the animal must be somewhere on earth or its horn could not exist.

In these pure white shafts with their delicate ivory opacity, Dark-Age man had found miraculous powers and magical properties. As European culture developed, the unicorn became more prominent in art and literature than any other beast invented by man. Accorded the ultimate in holy associations, these whale teeth came to represent the very soul of Christianity, the invincible strength of Christ himself. Even today a narwhal tusk with its larger-than-life scale and spiralling symmetry is awe-inspiring and is an understandably reverential object.

#### The unicorn from the sea

its head, neck and body were from a horse, its legs from a deer and its tail from a lion. That it was a real terrestrial animal was not doubted; it lived somewhere in Asia or Africa. Of course it took faith to believe in such an animal, but few had seen an elephant or rhinoceros either: to believe in them was also an act of faith.

Although it now seems like a child's puzzle put together wrongly, the unicorn was held in reverence. In human minds it was transmogrified into a perfectly functioning animal, so strong and fierce that it would deter the bravest soldier, so tireless and fleet that hunters could not hope to ensnare it.

It had, however, a singular and most penetrating vulnerability: it was irresistibly attracted to virgins. Seeing a virgin seated nearby, the unicorn would approach meekly, lay its horn in her lap, and fall asleep. Only then could it be captured. This became an allegory of Christ and the Virgin Mary.

With the rampant superstition of the times, medieval Europe endowed these whales' teeth with the power to heal the sick, to prevent disease and to counter the effects of poison. Like the touch of the Holy Cross purifying the sins of the world, the touch of the unicorn horn would purify poisoned waters. In the tapestries of Normandy's Duke of Berry—some of the most exquisite and

important medieval works of art-the animals of the forest wait patiently while the unicorn obligingly dips his horn to purify the stream so that they may safely drink. The unicorn provided the same service for humans as well. Goblets, cups, bowls and eating utensils were often carved from narwhal tusks; poisoned drink touching them would "froth darkly and be cleansed". They were particularly effective against arsenic. In 1590 E. Webbe, an Englishman, recorded, "Some lewde gunners . . . gaue me poyson in drinke ...; [his] Phisition ... gaue me speadely Unicorns horne to

The intrigue and terror of those days can be sensed from the number of aristocrats who owned narwhal tusks or articles made from them; princes, queens, emperors, dukes and popes treasured them as if their lives depended on them. The owners included the Duke of Berry, a Doge of Venice (two of his can still be seen in St Mark's in Venice), King Ferdinand of Spain, Philip II of Spain, Catherine de Medici (her need of one is understandable), Pope Clement VII, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Mantua, a king of Poland and Mary, Queen of Scotsthe list is endless. Invested with virtue and invincibility, the tusks found their way into the treasure chests of Europe.

Although the royal users of unicorn horns continued to undergo their usual share of sudden and inexplicable deaths, the horn retained its prestige as a poison antidote. Its market value remained high as well. Four centuries ago Holy Roman Emperor Charles V gave the Margrave of Bayreuth two unicorn horns as payment for a debt equal to \$1 million in today's currency. Frederic III, King of Denmark, had the most extensive collection. He built from unicorn horns a throne that became one of the wonders of Europe and was long used as Denmark's coronation chair. The legs, arms and supporting pieces were made of narwhal tusks. When Christian V was crowned in this chair in 1671 the officiating bishop remarked: "History tells us of the great King Solomon that he built a throne of ivory and adorned it with pure gold, but your Majesty is seated on a throne which, though like King Solomon's in the splendour of its materials and shape, is unparalleled in any kingdom.

Scotland early adopted the unicorn as its symbol. It seems possible that the idea was generated by tusks removed from narwhals washed ashore on northerly Scottish coasts. When King James VI succeeded Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England, he brought Scotland's unicorn with him. Rudely ousting the red dragon of Wales from the royal coat of arms, he replaced it with a rampant unicorn, posed fiercely and proudly flaunting its narwhal tusk.

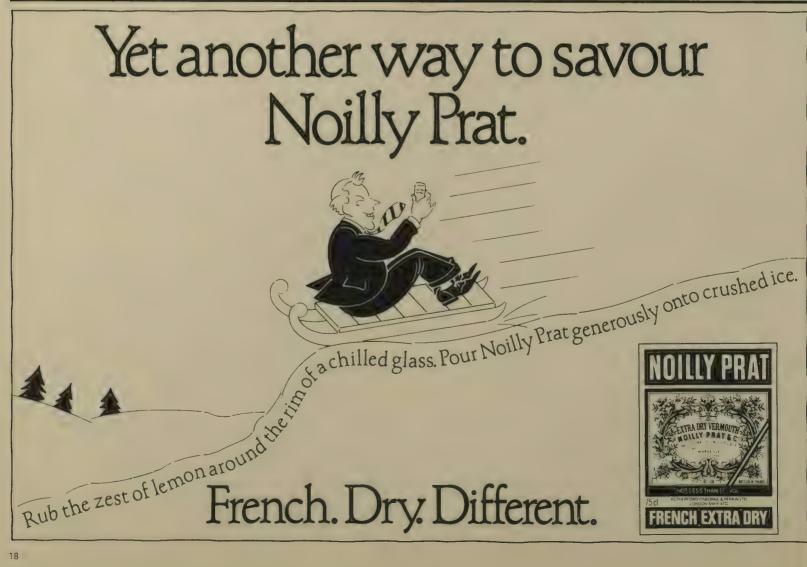
Initially, narwhal tusks had competition as unicorn horns from mammoth tusks unearthed in central Europe, walrus tusks (artificially straightened),

rhinoceros horns, pieces of petrified wood and even stalactites. But by the Middle Ages the narwhal tusk had triumphed over all competitors. As unicorn horns go, it was unbeatable.

It has been estimated that in the mid 1500s there were scarcely more than 50 narwhal tusks in Europe and, although their fame was enormous, the public was ignorant of their origin. The unicorn horn trade was a perfect sellers' market: the horns were available to those who hunted and marketed them. but the buyers and the rest of the populace never learned the source. Narwhals, after all, are seldom seen south of the Arctic Circle and their territorial waters were unexplored. The tusks are dense and could not float to Europe, and too few narwhals were washed ashore to give the secret away.

Denmark and Holland were close to the narwhal supply and merchants in Copenhagen and Antwerp jealously protected the unicorn horn trade. In 1561 "A citizen of Hamburg begged the guift of a unicornes horne found in the ice of Iceland, and sold it after in Antwerp for some thousands of Florins. When this came to the King of Denmarkes eares he ruled that no Germaine should winter in Iceland in any cause.

Narwhal tusks eventually became worth several times their weight in gold, and large ones could weigh as much as 30 lb. But to obtain them was never easy. Only the hardiest adventurers could make the trip in flimsy



craft through hazardous northern seas to icy regions (the animal lives in waters colder than 41°F) and consequently the market was never glutted.

The trade was several times shaken to its backbone when scholars began to peel away the mystery and expose the flesh of truth. But initially they, like Frobisher, attributed the unicorn horn to a fish with a horn on its forehead, not to an air-breathing mammal with a long tooth. In 1555 Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Uppsala, wrote, "The monoceros (narwhal) is a sea-monster that has in its brow a very large horn where with it can pierce and wreck vessels and destroy many men." And in 1569 Gropius of Antwerp said, "I sometimes suspect that this is the horn of some fish.'

But the unicorn, slow to evolve and persisting for centuries, was a long time in dying. It was the only imaginary animal to survive the Renaissance. It far outlived its contemporaries the griffin, the dragon and the werewolf. Even though scholars had exposed the unicorn racket by the mid 1600s, the trade and the legend continued for almost 200 years. Narwhal tusks had cast their spell. Anything so beautiful and mysterious had to have some deep significance and utility. That the horns were nothing more than teeth from an animal's mouth was unthinkable.

Thus, after learning about the narwhal Europeans, instead of rejecting the unicorn idea whole, simply switched to Frobisher's new "unicorn of the sea" explanation. Describing Iceland in 1621, the great geographer Gerard Mercator says: "Among the fish is included the Narwhal. Anyone who eats its flesh dies immediately. It has a tooth in its head which projects to a length of 7 cubits and some sell this tooth as unicorn's horn. It is considered good against poison."

The fabled poison antidote did not lose its efficacy; now it just came from a different part of the world and from a marine animal. That is understandable; even today a tusked whale seems little less likely than a horned horse.

Although the 1600s brought enlightenment that finally shattered the religious mystique of the unicorn, it was a legend that continued to haunt the human mind, and its horn persisted as a medicinal ingredient. Crushed narwhal tusk came into daily use in the practice of the most prestigious and expensive physicians to create perspiration and thus "expell ill vapours by sweate". It was also reputed to strengthen the heart and to cure epilepsy. The powder remained on Britain's list of effective drugs into the 18th century.

By that time the Swedish naturalist Linnaeus had given the narwhal its scientific name *Monodon monoceros* (one tooth, one horn) and as waves of scientific knowledge washed away European ignorance the demand for narwhal tusks declined. However, when western Europe would absorb no more, the tusk merchants moved their markets farther eastwards where mystery could still influence minds; many





narwhal teeth were sold in Russia and Turkey and, in the late 1700s, in Japan.

Even today, when no one believes in its existence, the unicorn retains much of its charm and glamour. In the words of English author Odell Shepard, who has written more about unicorns than anyone else, "Whether there is, or is not an actual unicorn he cannot possibly be so fascinating or so important as the things men have dreamed and thought and written about him. A dream, if it is no more than that, of such great age and beauty as this of the unicorn, is far more worthy of consideration than the question whether we shall have one species more or less in the earth's fauna.

We now realize that the unicorn horn is, indeed, nothing more than a whale's tooth, but it does not mean that all the mystery has vanished. Far from it. Although whales in general have captured vast public sympathy, the narwhal—the most bizarre whale of all—remains little known to the general public, or even to the most concerned conservationists. It is the narwhal itself that is now mysterious and provocative. For example, what could the male's 6 to 8 foot tooth possibly be used for? That it is at times an awkward

The lion and the unicorn with Alice in Tenniel's illustration from *Through the Looking Glass*. Left, a detail of the unicorn supporter on the royal coat of arms.

encumbrance is suggested by the occasional narwhals found with their tusks snapped off.

Cetologists do not know what the tusk's use is. Because narwhals are gregarious, living in small pods of about 10, it has been suggested that the male uses its tusk to prod fractious members back into the group. This could be useful indeed when narwhals migrate, as they do in giant pods of several thousands. With fluked tails propelling them swiftly along, they retreat southward in the autumn, pressed by advancing ice, and return to high latitudes with the spring melt. Around the turn of this century North Pole explorer Robert E. Peary saw migrating narwhals "dashing to windward, their long white horns flashing out of the water in regular cadence"

But this shepherding explanation is probably not the true one, and some researchers have speculated that the tusk may be used to smash through thin ice from below. Unlike other species of whales, the narwhal is too small to swim long distances underwater to escape smothering by advancing ice; it needs to breathe too often. Normally it rams through thin floes using the rubbery, oil-filled cushion of flesh on top of its head. But in the event of a rapid freeze, narwhals often get cut off from escape to the open sea. Frobisher's sea unicorn probably died this way, caught beneath the ice. At Disko Bay, west Greenland, a Danish scientist in 1915 witnessed hundreds of narwhals trapped by the ice. As the ice thickened, the open holes became smaller and smaller until they were choked with jostling, 1 to 2 ton narwhals gasping desperately for air.

But it does not seem reasonable to conclude that the tusk is a giant ice pick. Nor is it used for skewering the narwhal's food, mainly squid, cod and shrimp. Cetologists have concluded, almost by default, that the tusk is nothing more than a secondary sexual feature that may be brandished by the male in aggressive display, useful only for keeping rival males away. (Early in 1980 Canadian researchers described good evidence for this explanation. They observed many narwhals striking their tusks together in a kind of friendly social activity that suggested mating or rutting behaviour.)

Our ignorance of the purpose of the narwhal tusk is indicative of the obscurity that surrounds this animal. Although in recent years the preservation and study of wildlife, including whales, has gripped the public's attention, few persons even recognize the narwhal's name. Only a handful of biologists have ever published research papers on the species. Comprehensive investigations of the animal's behaviour and natural history have only recently been made. One treatise still widely referred to was written in 1822.

Nevertheless, when generations in the far future look back on western civilization, the interesting thing will be not the narwhal's reality but the intense, romantic myths its tusk once fostered in the minds of men, and the powers it was accorded in the religion of medieval Europe, the protection of endangered monarchs, and the medicine of that superstitious age.

Perhaps one day soon television will treat us to adventurous scuba divers investigating the narwhal. But until we can know it better, this mysterious sea creature will continue to haunt mankind's imagination as it has since centuries before Frobisher's discovery.

# Prisoner in a game bird sanctuary

by Irving Townsend

At six o'clock on a Friday morning, the second day of June, I awoke to the sound of low conversation just outside my bedroom window-murmured words I could not quite catch, although I seemed to be the subject of discussion. I was the newly arrived visitor from California, the first occupant of the guest house by the river, and my neighbours were up and curious Should I lie there pretending to sleep, or should I greet my callers, ask them in for coffee?

While I decided, the mumbling grew louder, reaching me through every open window, as if an audience awaited my appearance and was growing restless. My dogs lifted their heads from the blanket to listen. their growls muffled and uncertain. Quietly I moved to the nearest window. The grassy slope between the went to another window-solid ducks between the house and my car parked under a willow tree. I opened the front door to meet the stares of three Canada geese grazing on the violets at my doorsten. My appearance in the doorway raised the level of conversation, but not a single wing. My house was entirely surrounded by hundreds of ducks and geese, none of them discussing me. Returning to the bedroom I reassured my dogs. "You wouldn't believe it

While I ate my first breakfast in the guest house my dogs sat behind the front door screen looking out

As I pondered my next move, a hollow-sounding wind enveloped the house. It was a sound I was to hear each morning of my stay, a turbulence created by hundreds of flapping wings straining to lift fat way in time to see a bearded man approaching in a cloud of birds. He was pushing a wheelbarrow and he seemed oblivious to the flap he had stirred up. He stopped outside my house to scatter a pailful of corn on the grass. Then he pushed on, and as he passed I saw that his wheelbarrow was filled with cracked corn. From my kitchen window I watched him stop at a fence gate just beyond my house. Nailed to the gate was a large metal sign I had not noticed when we

GAME BIRD SANCTUARY

NO Dogs Bicycles

The bird feeder pushed his load through the open gate and into a pasture towards a row of trees along the river bank. I waited for him to reappear with an explanation and soon he returned behind his empty wheelbarrow, glad to accept my offer of a cup of coffee. Sandy is a slight, genial man in his late 50s from his weathered face by a leather headband, gave him the appearance of the Ancient Mariner as he fought off his flock each morning. I was living, he explained, at the edge of a game bird sanctuary established since my departure for California. The pasture trust, fenced and posted for the exclusive use of wild ducks and geese. A bird resort had been created alone the shores and in the river. Banks had been pushed back, screened with laurel and azalea and wild rose been deepened for landing strips, and in the centre of the largest pool a float was anchored for sunning and preening. Above this pond a fall of curling water offered a place for water sports.

Each morning, Sandy told me, he scattered 100lb of corn along the river bank, some of it in clearings the ducks. Between October and April a second load of corn was distributed each evening. Wild ducks and ground where every whim was coddled, and so accusfor an early breakfast, that they stormed ashore each "Don't they ever leave?" I asked him. "Why should they?" he answered, brushing a tail feather from his

By the time I moved in at the edge of the bird other home. Man, their tormentor, had become their slave and they were not only unafraid, they had become insistent complainers over the slightest inconvenience. For the month of June I was to become that inconvenience. My dogs and I were also to become the victims of environmental reversal, to endure an imbalance in which we stood a chance of vanishing. If my observations of the offensive creatures who so outnumbered us seem unduly subjective, they are not those of a bird-watcher safe in his hide, but rather of a watched and harassed intruder in a world where ducks are pushy and geese intolerant

Although the ducks outnumbered the geese by 10 to one in the sanctuary, the habits and character of the larger birds made a more lasting impression on me. The Canada goose is classified as wild game rather than common poultry, not because he is independent of man but because he is a travelling mendicant, admired only when he is going somewhere else. His diet consists of handouts. Not surprisingly, he is often overweight. For a goose he is well dressed with the tweedy look of a country squire. His neck is as supple and strong as a vacuum cleaner hose and when angry he flexes this feathered tube. Afloat, the goose neck enables him to reach for bottom plants, to ing his neck at water level, to become a lethal weapon. the male and female is the longer, thicker neck of the gander. Canada geese have nasty, curling tongues

The call of the Canada goose is a rising grind similar to the sound of automobile brakes suddenly applied, except that it comes out of a goose not at sudden stops but at sudden starts. He hates to be interrupted. The goose, like most water fowl, is more believable afloat than on land where he does not look as if he would float at all. His hull is broad, his bottom shallow and his landings on water are heavy. Nevertheless, in all the landings I observed the goose managed to avoid capsizing. Invariably his return to the water is followed by a rapid twitching of tail feathers, the goose's way of thumbing his nose at those of us who were hoping he would sink.

their offspring in line. A goose family I watched turned outings on the river into naval manocuvres. the father in front, the mother an exact distance behind, the six goslings evenly spaced between. Never did a gosling drift out of formation. Rest stops ashore the six young geese bunched and followed orders. If one sat down, all sat down; if one scratched his ear, all scratched their ears. When I arrived the goslings were the size of fryers, all a neutral shade of brown. When going flight trials. Still they stayed in line. No wonder geese are paranoid.

Sandy, 2,500 made it for the winter season. Although the flock included pintails, wood ducks and black ducks, mallards made up the huge majority and preferred breakfast in the bushes. They also refused to lay eggs on those man-made islands. After one precarious inspection I would have, too. The duck's personality is totally unlike the goose's. Ducks do not take themselves seriously, and I certainly cannot blame them for that. They spend most of the day pretending to swim without kicking their feet, sailing around in circles like bathtub toys. When heavy rain emptied the pond of geese the ducks remained, and water does roll off their backs. It is the ducks who ride the waterfall, who pinch each other's bottoms for a laugh, then laugh.

The configuration of a duck on take-off from the water reminded me of the Concorde jet: neck stiff, bill down, tail dragging. Getting a duck up looks to be as difficult as lifting a snake. Like geese, they are graceful on the water and in the air: it is getting from one to the other that is clumsy and uncertain. Ducks are permissive parents. They part company, leaving the mother with a batch of eggs she never ordered. I watched a family of mother and 13 ducklings and marvelled at her nonchalance. Her children were all over the pond, but she sailed on regardless. Ducks also mumble. It was this sound I heard on my first morning and, while I stopped trying to figure out their remarks, I could never ignore the implications. They also yawn a lot, or at least they did around me. The worst thing about the ducks I lived with, though, was their number. While even a single goose is too many, a couple of ducks are decorative. Hundreds filling the pond and overflowing its banks on flat, red paddles, their eyes as expressionless as studs, are

It was the landing of this feathered host which made me a prisoner in my own house. They stepped ashore at dawn, surging up the slope towards level ground, ducks and geese intermixed, until they covered every foot between my front door and the barn where the corn was stored. So relentless was their march that I saw a squirrel, sitting erect one moment with a corn kernel between its paws, disappear the next in a tide of birds. Sandy's appearance at the barn door was the breakfast call and birds swooped toward him. Flinging corn around was, I realized, a matter of self defence. Without a handout he never would have made it to the gate.

To venture beyond my door before mid-morning was impossible. My dogs tried it first, dashing into the flock without a qualm. But as soon as they had dispatched a cloud of birds in one direction, another regiment moved in, leaving them stranded. I made a path through the birds to rescue the dogs, only to find them both in the river where they had followed a duck without stopping at the bank. Back we came to the house, kicking our way through ducks, going around geese, and there we stayed until the main body of birds had followed Sandy down river. It just

Between mid-morning and early afternoon I was left almost alone to walk by the river and to sit on the bank with a book. This was a quiet time in a postcard scene, the pond reflecting deep foliage and a cloudless sky, only the willow leaves moving on the water's surface betraying the undercurrent. Shortly after one o'clock each afternoon two neon-coloured ducks appeared, moving upstream while pretending they were only drifting. I looked up from a page to admit later two more ducks arrived. Slowly then the pond filled until its surface disappeared. Then came the

geese like sailing ships among canoes, taking over the float, causing collisions. Finally the goose family came ashore, making straight for me. My day by the

All the birds came ashore in late afternoon to graze. This second landing was in some ways worse than the first, however, because the birds were even less inclined to make room for us. Not even the dogs could stir them into flight, and a goose or two usually stood at the screen door to watch us. It is a belittling experience to face a goose at the door when the law is

Evenings at the edge of the sanctuary were my favourite time of day. On the opposite bank a muskrat lived in a water pocket formed by the parted roots of a sapling. I watched for his appearance-a furtive peek for patrolling geese, then a nose moving steadily across the pond. At the muskrat's signal insects pricked the water and now and then a fish jumped, then flopped back with an evening meal. The pond was no longer a landing strip, and as it came to life so did I, our freedom flag a muskrat's nose.

In the final days of my visit a strange thing happened. I began to feel sorry for the birds. They were wild, but I was free. I would migrate, not they. Paunched and protected, they had lost the will to travel. They were the prisoners after all. Where breakfast is served in a wheelbarrow and the nesting is easy, the result is sanctuary sprawl and a gradual

But you can't explain that to a goose.





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# Dr Johnson's Christmas

#### by Tom Miller

"Christmas..." defined Dr Samuel Johnson in his famous Dictionary of the English language, "the day on which the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour is celebrated." As we might expect of an 18th-century writer, Johnson concentrates on the religious rather than the social aspect of the feast.

Great paradoxes surround the life and posthumous career of Samuel Johnson. Although his university degrees were all honorary, since poverty caused him to leave Pembroke College, Oxford before graduating, and he correctly preferred to be called "Mr Johnson", most people felt and still feel it right in tribute to his gigantic learning to call him "Doctor". Despite the fact that his writings commanded huge respect in his own lifetime, his work is not read much nowadays, certainly far less than that of his contemporaries, the political theorist Burke and the historian Gibbon. Though we think of Johnson as a typical bluff, nononsense Englishman, and indeed he may have provided us with the original

of the type, he was also an emotionally unstable man, who suffered for much of his life from illnesses, mental as well as physical. We also think of Johnson primarily as an old man for the simple reason that observers quite understandably recorded his life more solicitously after he had become famous but, like everyone else, before growing old Johnson was young and middle-aged and it was during his middle years, the period 1745-65, that his reputation was permanently established.

At Christmas, 1782, Johnson was in poor health and, apart from writing prayers and letters and keeping a diary, incapable of serious effort. He described the events of the day in a typically succinct manner: "W.25. At church. Dined with Hoole. Very ill. To Desmoulins 1-1-0."

The entry requires elucidation. Although Johnson was a devout Christian, he was less assiduous in his church-going than he considered proper; nearly every year, on New Year's Day and on his birthday, he faithfully

transcribed into his diary a resolution to go to church more regularly, with no better results than attended his resolutions to get up a bit earlier in the morning and to work harder and more systematically. Johnson found both the churches at which he worshipped when at home-St Clement Danes in Fleet Street and St Paul's Cathedral deplorably cold and, being rather hard of hearing, he also had difficulty in following the services. Even when the preacher was audible, he frequently found the sermon insulting to his intelligence. Nevertheless, he probably regarded a visit to Matins of particular importance on Christmas Day, although less so than on Good Friday or Easter Sunday.

"Hoole", with whom the doctor dined at Christmas, 1782, no doubt early in the afternoon, was John Hoole, a gifted translator, whom Johnson had known since at least 1763. Two years later Hoole's son, the Rev Samuel Hoole, was at Johnson's deathbed.

Although we can be sure that John-

son and his friend did not anticipate such Victorian importations or innovations as the Christmas tree and the exchange of Christmas cards, we would not be surprised by the fare at the doctor's Christmas dinner. He condemned the Puritans of the 17th century for forbidding Christmas pudding and mince pies, and it is quite possible that he began his meal with turkey, rather than the traditional English goose; we know that he enjoyed turkey because on the preceding October 6 he ate "turkey poult", accompanied by "a roast leg of lamb with spinach chopped fine, a sirloin of beef... figs, grapes not very ripe owing to the bad season, with peaches—hard ones...

Conversation was perhaps not very brisk over Dr Johnson's Christmas dinner. Although he was valued in his own time as a conversationalist, Johnson did not favour too much talking at meal-times. Our principal source on Johnson's private life, the Scots lawyer James Boswell, said of Johnson that: "I never knew any man who



John Wilkes helps Dr Johnson to some veal—an incident recounted by Boswell and depicted by the Victorian painter Edward Matthew Ward.

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#### Dr Johnson's Christmas

relished good cating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intenseness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible."

With his dinner Johnson probably drank water or lemonade. Although there were periods in his life during which he drank wine fairly liberally, for much of his middle-age he was a total abstainer, and when he returned to the consumption of alcohol in old age, he did so for medicinal reasons. In 1784 when plagued by lumbago and asthma he drank small quantities of rum.

Johnson's moderation in the use of alcohol did not, however, extend to his consumption of tea. We are quite entitled to imagine him drinking a good deal of tea at Christmas, 1782; Boswell supposed that: "No person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He assured me that he never felt the least inconvenience from it..."

After Christmas dinner, 1782, as we know, Johnson felt very ill but, as he wrote on Boxing Day to his friend Mrs Thrale, his distress was not caused by overeating but by "convulsive breathlessness". Mrs Thrale was one of Johnson's greatest benefactors. She and her husband had taken him with them on excursions to Wales and France, and we owe to them indirectly Johnson's valuable travel journals; even more importantly for long periods of time they had permitted Johnson the use of their comfortable house at Streatham. where he had written his last significant work, the Lives of the Poets.

Johnson's relations with the Thrales began in 1765. By then he had been a childless widower for 13 years, and was probably glad to make friends with an intelligent young couple in whose home he could relax in comfort, well away from his own house off Fleet Street. where he was probably badly looked after and surrounded by the quarrelsome group of unfortunates to whom he, out of the kindness of his heart, gave board and lodging. At Christmas, 1782, as we have noted, he gave a guinea to one of them, Elizabeth Desmoulins, although this was probably less a Christmas present than a charitable gift to an old acquaintance.

In December, 1782, Hester Thrale had been a widow for almost two years. She was a small, rather pretty, amusing Welshwoman in her early 40s.

unusually well educated for the period, and Johnson's company had for years provided her with an emotional outlet in a somewhat unhappy married life.

Henry Thrale had been a successful brewer and Member of Parliament for Southwark. Although Hester was pregnant for a good deal of the time, and frequently in mourning when her children died, as they usually did, her husband had consoled himself with mistresses and overeaten even more frighteningly than Johnson. Despite his disapproval of Thrale's lack of abstinence, Johnson had entertained that respect for him which is rather characteristic of the attitude of intellectuals towards prominent industrialists, and was sincerely sorry when he died in the spring of 1781.

After Thrale's death, Boswell thought that Johnson should marry Hester. It is doubtful, however, whether either party seriously considered the possibility. Johnson was by then over 70 and not in the best of health; moreover, he probably saw Mrs Thrale as a substitute mother, a role in which he tended to cast the women at all close to him.

By the end of 1782 Johnson's relationship with Hester, although neither of them could have been aware of the fact at the time, was on the point of breakdown. However, on Boxing Day, having received Johnson's letter reporting his asthmatic attack, Mrs Thrale sent her carriage for him, and he spent the night at her house. Finding it difficult to sleep, he translated part of Boethius's *Consolations of Philosophy* from Latin into Greek.

Mrs Thrale passed much of 1783 in Bath, and in the summer of 1784 announced her engagement to Gabriele Piozzi, a distinguished Italian musician. For the first time in her life she was in love and, after much soulsearching, she decided she was not prepared to allow her selfish daughters, much less Johnson, to talk her out of marriage to the man she loved. Johnson's angry reaction—he wrote a fierce letter on a topic which was strictly none of his business except as Thrale's executor-is hard to understand. Perhaps, apart from disapproval of his closest female friend's impending marriage to a Roman Catholic, Johnson feared the possibility of a breach of confidence about himself: he had certainly inherited from his father, the not very successful Lichfield bookseller Michael Johnson, a strong neurotic streak, and he may have talked frankly to Mrs Thrale about some of his psychological symptoms. It must also be pointed out in his defence that he had suffered a stroke in the summer of 1783.

Hester replied with a spirit equal to Johnson's own and, sensing that he had gone too far, Johnson wrote, "I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state, and whatever I can contribute to your happiness, I am very ready to repay for that kindness which soothed 20 years of a life





Top, Dr Johnson walking with Boswell in Fleet Street, from *The Graphic* of December 20, 1884; above, a Victorian impression of Dr Johnson's deathbed.



radically wretched." Hester's second marriage was highly successful.

Mrs Thrale's accounts of Johnson are useful but less valuable than those of Boswell who, although he probably lacked her insights into Johnson's character, was a better observer and, unlike her, a professional author. If Johnson, in 20th-century terms, was a television chat show personality, with a range of knowledge and agility of mind which would certainly eclipse those of any of his successors or imitators, Boswell was history's greatest gossip columnist. It follows that Boswell's Life of Johnson has to be used carefully. Through its pages we can re-live Boswell's excitement as, usually in April, he paid his annual visit to London and, no doubt tired and hungry after his long coach journey from Edinburgh, sped to Dr Johnson's house in order to delight in his friend's kindness and conversation.

However, Johnson knew that Boswell proposed to write his biography and he may have talked for the record; again, Boswell's own talents as a writer were so considerable that he may have added something of his own to Johnson's witticisms. This possibility is suggested by Boswell's account of Johnson's chance meeting with an old college acquaintance, Oliver Edwards, and the brilliant remark which Boswell attributed to him, "You are a philosopher, Dr Johnson. I have tried in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." In short, there is an insoluble "Johnsonian problem": how far do the entertaining sayings that Boswell has handed down to us re-create Johnson's real conversation?

For Johnson, talk represented the best form of psychological therapy available. With a group of intelligent friends in a tavern he could forget for a few blessed hours the irrational fears which so troubled him. At these meetings of "The Club" he delivered himself of the aphorisms that have made his name famous throughout the world.

Johnson supplemented his income by writing sermons for members of the clergy, a service for which he charged two guineas; no doubt this was an excellent bargain for his clients—and their congregations. This Christmas, as we attend church, let us reflect that Johnson's writings, which helped to mould our language, and his commonsense theology, which constitutes an important theme in Anglican thought, have indirectly contributed to our midwinter celebrations.

#### Theatres for young people

by Anthony Masters

"There are three golden rules to students condemn conventional teach-13- to 15-year-old students at the Anna for instance, cannot accept that Anna is

"Make it believable, listen to one another and share it with the audience." Fables, the youngsters try to follow Anna's golden rules. In some scenes they succeed while in others they do encouraging, stimulating, joking and to get across, All Anna Scher's students occasionally upbraiding. "They must agree that she has a natural authority realize that acting is a discipline," she

Many of Anna Scher's students are there for the experience, others because credits. Anna's true value lies in her they are currently in the profession and that Anna is special. "We all make mistakes," she tells them, "but it depends who is big enough to admit to them." being democratic are other golden rules of the Anna Scher Theatre. "We're all Geoghan. "I used to go to a really boring youth club before I came here all table tennis bats and fags on the quiet." "Anna teaches us not to be bitchy," said 14-year-old Sadie Wearing, who had just been through the horrors of a highly competitive audition for a children's TV serial, where "all the girls seemed to hate each other.

Other youngsters have similar praise values and for the involvement with drama. "I can meet girls here and be do without this place." myself with them-we're all doing the same thing and it makes us equal," said a boys' school and wanted "girls as professional actor or not, although he has had plenty of professional experience already, for example in Southern TV's Worzel Gununidge. Thirteenyear-old David Dovle, however, is

This group of youngsters go to and thousands of extras: "When a play Anna's two evenings every week and is alive in the theatre it's more real than know from past experience that the ses- when a film is dead on the screen." sions will be unpredictable and excit- Marcus, at the same age, agreed, pointing. Each child pays 25p a night and is ing out that a film was flat, not nearly so expected to be highly aware of the rest exciting as the suggested grandeur of of the group. Anna says, "Discipline is the puppet world. Leo found the essential for learning skills, and the first smaller size of the puppets and the thing the boys and girls learn here is to larger size of the actors a problem, but be a good audience and to listen. Then they, in turn, will be listened to."

experience in BBC TV's Grange Hill,

David is sure that acting "is one thing I

Scher Children's Theatre in Islington. a teacher or that he is "learning". But he is doing so and at a much faster rate history as well as Greek mythology. To make sure the voungsters understand the improvisations they are performing, Anna often asks them to explain linked to a capacity to inspire, and ability to bring out personality and to help her pupils attain a high level of

Anna's theatre developed from a children's drama club which she Making mistakes, sharing them and founded in the Islington school where she was working. Of Russian, Irish and Jewish descent, she is an instinctive and equal here," said 15-year-old Lisa emotional person, whereas her husband and partner, Charles Verrall, is more practical and more objective. Her syllabus is wide and covers every form close group work. A high proportion of her membership comes from immigrant families and the Anna Scher Children's Theatre, a registered charity, receives financial aid from the Youth Service as well as a grant from the London borough of Islington, Says

But what of theatres where professional performances are the primary function and where participation for youngsters is limited to clubs and workshops? There are two performance not decided whether he wants to be a theatres in this category: the Polka in Wimbledon, which mixes actors and puppets, and the Unicorn in Great Newport Street, London, which pres-

After watching a version of The Ardetermined to be an actor. Having had abian Nights at the Polka, nine-year-old Alexis made this comparison between the magnificent story as depicted by actors and puppets, and the cinema William felt that this did not matter.

'They've made a world," he said, "and Many of Anna's very socially mixed you can see it living in front of you.



At the Polka the performance itself is not the only attraction. The fover Royal Punch and Judy Show, a marionette theatre, model theatres, dolls tion Jennifer Wyatt, the Polka's resident designer, has created a captivating fairground with grass underfoot and hot air balloons gently drifting across a blue sky on the ceiling. The puppets are grouped in the fairground stalls, some grotesque, some electric, some old, some new. Before a child even enters the auditorium there are other diversions such as the adventure room, the workshop, the toyshop, the playground, the café and the quiet room. Everywhere fantasy and imagination abound, everywhere Jennifer Wyatt's compelling work surprises, with its attention to detail and its evocative atmosphere. In the café children eat in the carriages of a magic train, and in the playground there is Orlando, the carved and highly coloured wooden theatre cat, who can be climbed on and his whiskers swung from. To add to the magic, just before the children enter the auditorium, they are confronted by Elizabeth Waghorn's diorama depicting a village in Arabia.

The Polka Theatre building was originally a network of church halls built in about 1926 and the top hall. once hideous with its ugly steel roofsupport beams, has become an oriental-style auditorium. Jennifer Wyatt ingeniously concentrated on emphasizing the roof beams by painting them and adding oriental flounces, and their fine tracery is superbly theatrical. She covered the round windows of the hall with circular shutters, still maintaining the Eastern theme, and the neat rows of 300 red seats have no arms, to accommodate handicapped children. The

the Polka is famous

The Polka Children's Theatre was started by Richard Gill who began as a the close network of Lord George Sanger's and Bertram Mills's circuses as Croc, an act that also featured lifeand then spent a period working as a repertory actor. In 1962 he wrote his Child, which was mounted by Carvl Jenner for the Unicorn Children's Theatre. In 1967 he married scene designer Elizabeth Waghorn and together they created Polka-the Children's Theatre with actors and puppets. The company began to tour at a time when children's theatre was largely unrecognized and eventually won themselves not only success but also a substantial Arts Council Grant. By 1971 they were reaching an audience

Although the Polka has had a permanent home in Wimbledon since 1977, the company still tours. It has a repertory of 27 plays, including marionette shows, black theatre shows (in against a black velvet background). mime, pantomime, magic and illusion. Polka use rod-puppets, glove-puppets. string-puppets and shadow-puppets. Recent plays using puppets and actors on a folk tale from India, and a version of Kipling's Mongli. All the plays are designed for either the five-to-nine or the nine-to-11 age groups. In addition such as the Great Kovari, the Hungarian magician, and the finals of the Young Magician of the Year.

The rising costs of running a stage is traditionally curtained with a children's theatre have put the Polka small apron and is big enough to house into a desperate financial \*\*>





The Polka Children's Theatre has both actors and puppets in performance, and mounts various displays throughout the building.

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#### Theatres for young people

situation. They have sponsors, inand the Arts Council as well as commercial and industrial concerns and private individuals, but they need much

The fairy story atmosphere of the be surrounded by a good story that

A longer-established performing

which has been in existence since 1948. Founded by the late Caryl Jenner as also run at the Unicorn. Children can the English Children's Theatre (later Caryl Jenner's Mobile Theatre), the company, like the Polka, toured for many years in schools and theatres with occasional London seasons. The Unicorn concentrates on new plays for the five-to-nine and nine-to-11 age puppet theatres, manufacturing scen-Polka is best summarized by Alexis: Adrian Mitchell, Helen Cresswell and "Films and TV shows for children are Henry Livings. Between September often violent but at the Polka you can and Easter of every year Unicorn and three studio shows, and in the summer goes out on tour and performs in schools, parks, playgrounds and the children come to the theatre in school

Dozens of different workshops are make glove-puppets, learn to use daggers and guns and swords and to throw each other about with safety in stage play-writing, make masks, become ery and props as well as puppets. There is even the opportunity to learn juggling, balancing and acrobatics.

The Unicorn's policy is to be a company of professional actors performing for a children's audience—and In term-time from Monday to Friday parties from all over the area of the

Inner London Education Authority and the outer London boroughs. At parents and friends. At the moment the there are plans afoot to redevelop the The work will be phased over four years and will begin with the refurnishauditorium. But the most ambitious

Mepham who belongs to a regional children's theatre called the Octopus.

Housed in cramped conditions over a community centre in Brighton, the Octopus grew from a travelling children's rock opera company called Event Opera. Now the Octopus is a ing large-scale musical productions sive schooling called Teaching Practice which attempt to reflect day-to-day home. Based on a wide social mix and an age range of 11 to 15 the Octopus plays venues in the south of England and has become known for its large casts, its vitality and original scores. "Team work in the theatre is the sung with enormous energy. The me know myself better and I've more Second World War, 'For Johnny'. To young people are taught close group year-old James Lewis, who has been company which tours the south, pre- Britain aerodrome at Biggin Hill before

"I started off playing a gorgio [non- Left, performances by actors of straight gypsyl boy in a show about the kind of problems gypsy people have with local government and the way they are play space called The Vanishing Playground. Now I'm playing one of the leads in Streets Away, a musical about appearing in one of these plays next the inner cities. I've been with Octopus since I was 12 and it has been really hard work. But all that work has made

self-confidence now Octopus also has a professional plays for children at the Unicorn Theatre. Above, students of Anna Scher practise their skills in dance and drama.

Young actors from the Community ing they are under the Equity age limit. Fifteen-year-old Culaan Smyth is year, "It's called Johnny and was inspired by the atmosphere of John Pudney's poem about the RAF in the get the right mood we're starting off with improvisations at the old Battle of with the company for four years, says: senting new plays for the 11-15 age we even have a sight of the script."



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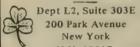
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## The progress of John Arthur Crabbe

by Stephen Gregory

Mrs Crabbe gave birth to a son one month after the death of her husband. She named the boy John Arthur, in memory of him. Mr Crabbe had been overjoyed at the news of his wife's unexpected pregnancy. A middle-aged man, disappointed for many years by his wife's failure to produce a child, he was delighted at the prospect of a son who would transform the marriage he saw as adequate and comfortable into something much more satisfactory. So it was tragic that he should die before the child was born.

John Arthur was a remarkable little boy. For one thing, it was realized within 18 months of his birth that he was severely mentally handicapped. As he grew into a strapping toddler it was obvious that his mind was defective. For such a young child he had a disconcerting rasping, even sonorous voice, which he produced from his chest in a series of garbled speeches made up of sounds not unlike real words. In spite of his mother's sustained efforts to teach John Arthur the beginnings of a vocabulary, the boy continued to clamour in his own clanging language, as though half remembering words and phrases from some distant past. He developed a shock of unruly black hair which flopped over his brow, although it did not grow to such an extent on the crown or the back of his head. Most striking of all was his bulging forehead which protruded over his eyes, shadowing them. They retreated into his head like two dangerous eels in an underwater crevice.

But Mrs Crabbe soon discovered that her growing son, so inwardly disturbed and so incommunicative, had an unusual gift. He had the power in his hands to heal. The first manifestation of this was when he came into the house from the bushes of the garden holding the broken body of a fledgling bird. It stared from his cupped hands and beat itself against his palms. But soon it became calm, even torpid. As Mrs Crabbe watched, John Arthur caressed the wound on the bird's breast until his fingers were smeared with its blood. Then he raised the tiny creature to his lips and kissed it on the crown of its head. Its eyes flickered suddenly, like gems struck from a rock. The bird hopped from the boy's hands on to the carpet. The only traces of any wound were the blood which stained John Arthur's hands and a tiny feather which clung to his lips. So Mrs Crabbe realized that her son had an affinity with wild creatures. She could hardly help noticing his tendency to bring into the house all sorts of wounded animals, birds and insects. Each time, however severely damaged the sparrow, the spider or the shrew, it was soon whole again, and happy to stay with John Arthur in his room.

The boy continued to grow sturdy. He carried himself well, if occasionally with a stoop, cultivated from the almost continual nursing of injured creatures. The mass of hair still fell on his forehead and still his eyes seemed buried under his powerful brow. John Arthur's hands were long and thin, even fragile. They held the dusty wings of a moth or the limbs of a daddy-longlegs with a tenderness which Mrs Crabbe found touching. As she watched her son's strong body and his ponderous head hunched over his latest find she marvelled at the gentleness of his fine fingers. Then she felt her love for John Arthur and her regret for her dead husband mingling and aching inside her.

The boy did not go to school. Instead, he stayed at home and tended his ever-growing collection of specimens. His bedroom was full of small creatures which came and went from his window. They were not imprisoned. They were free to go, once healed by the warmth of John Arthur's fingers, but sometimes

the grateful creatures would return to the boy. John Arthur could not wash or dress himself. He could not feed himself without making a fearful mess. He could not communicate with other human beings although he still held forth at length, and with a seemingly increasing vocabulary, in his own discordant language. But John Arthur had the heat in his hands and the breath from his lips to salve and restore the broken limbs of his many patients.

Naturally, word of John Arthur's power spread among Mrs Crabbe's friends, the circle that had grown up as her husband had become more success-



ful. They had consoled her on the death of Mr Crabbe and had followed the development of John Arthur. But much as Mrs Crabbe enjoyed the company of her friends, she often felt that their interest in her and her curious son was ghoulish. She imagined them discussing John Arthur with a sort of unhealthy relish whenever she was not there. She could hear them describing the inhabitants of his bedroom, the voles, the mice and the moths, the leathery bat and the ducking, sidling jackdaw which never blinked. Mrs Crabbe particularly resented the dashing Mrs Sylvester, who pried into John Arthur's every small sign of progress, who chuckled at his rasping cries. She was gaudy, metallic. Mrs Crabbe resented her almost predatory interest in the boy.

Mrs Sylvester had a son who was as pert as herself. He was a success at school, regarding his fellows with a lift of his eyebrows and a mocking smile. Sometimes he accompanied his mother on her visits to Mrs Crabbe's house, but he was plainly uncomfortable in the presence of John Arthur. He flushed under the distant gaze of John Arthur's eyes and seemed overwhelmed, dominated by the weight of John Arthur's brow. But his mother remained jaunty, and her son

gained in confidence until he, too, had developed a kind of growing curiosity about the power of John Arthur's fragile hands.

Then tragedy struck the Sylvester family. Within a few hours of being bright and swift, Mrs Sylvester's son fell gravely ill. He lay inert on his bed, his eyes open but unseeing. The doctors diagnosed that the boy had had the seed of a tumour growing within his skull, unsuspected until now. With the sudden pressure of the tumour against his brain, he was immediately paralysed in every limb. Furthermore, the tumour, at present the size of a small fist, would continue to grow, unclenching like a fist threatening to burst within the boy's head. He would die. Meanwhile, he lay with his eyebrows raised and with his mouth fixed in the faint smile which he had so often carried in the swift brightness of his health. More doctors were consulted. All of them were pessimistic. even advising against the boy's removal from the house to a hospital. It would be in vain; better to leave him lying on his own bed, breathing faintly and with the hard smile caught on his lips.

One evening Mrs Crabbe was astonished, on answering the door, to see the figure of Mrs Sylvester standing in the porch. The powerful, still glinting woman held the motionless body of her son in her arms. She stepped silently into the house. John Arthur stood at his mother's elbow and watched the progress of the woman who came into the hall. His chin was up, his eyes caught the light and threw it back at the limp boy in Mrs Sylvester's arms. There was an electric, crackling interchange between the sunken eyes of John Arthur and those of the unsecing, dying boy. And instantly John Arthur began to chatter in his harsh voice, releasing a torrent of half recognizable, half remembered sounds. Mrs Crabbe followed her son towards his bedroom and Mrs Sylvester carried her son behind them.

John Arthur opened his door. As he went into the room there started from all corners of the darkness the whispers of his other patients. Mrs Sylvester swallowed her apprehension and advanced towards the bed. She placed her motionless son on it. Still John Arthur poured out his dry, shouting sounds, echoed around the room by the rustling of the bat and the crow, the movement of the mole and the moth. Then Mrs Crabbe took Mrs Sylvester firmly by the arm and led her back to the door, out of the room. They left John Arthur and the stricken boy alone, in the muttering darkness.

John Arthur's cries stopped as the door closed. The two women waited outside the room, looking away from each other, along the corridor. Then, as though no time had passed at all, they were woken from their confusion, their doubts, by a barely perceptible click as the door opened and slowly swung wide. The light from the hallway spilled into the bedroom. John Arthur stood near his bed. His hair swept back from his brow, his eyes challenged the light, boldly staring towards the door.

There was no one, no figure, no boy lying on the bed. Only the rumpled blankets showed the imprint of a body. Two things seemed to happen as one, two outbursts of sound and colour simultaneously. Up from the bed there rose the metallic brightness of a bird, a jay. It beat across the room, blue, black, white and blue again. The jay struck the mirror with a loud crack, a dazzling duplicate of itself, dropping to the carpet and releasing a torrent of gutteral shrieks. At the same time, with a mocking smile on his lips, John Arthur Crabbe began to speak in a clear, measured voice, welcoming his mother.

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# A legendary book

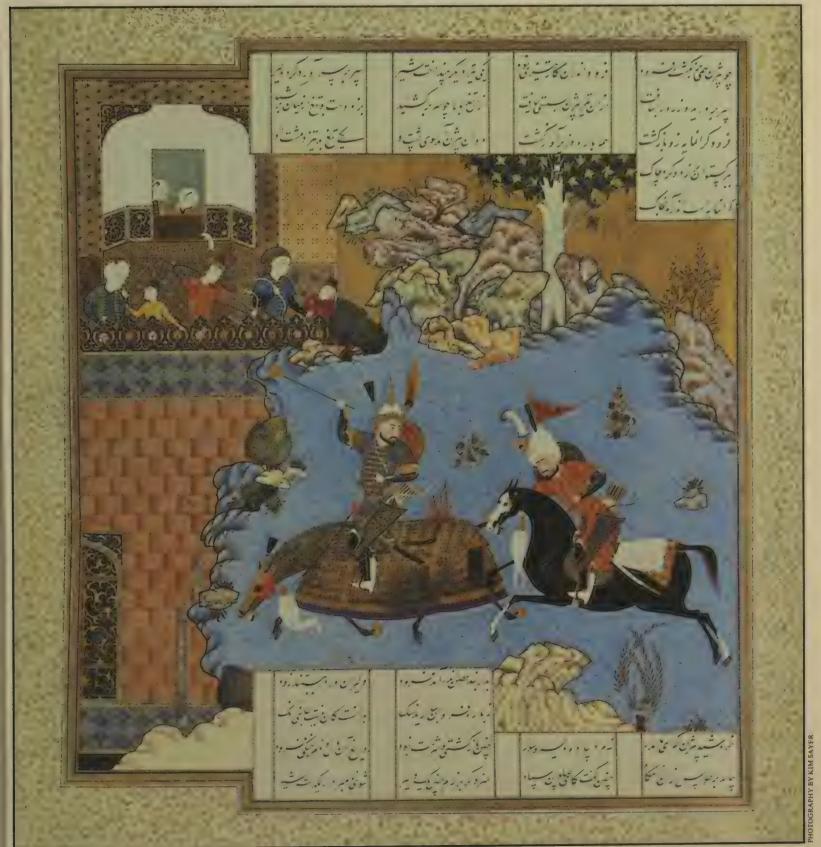
The illustrations on this and the following pages are from *The Houghton Shahna-meh*, or Book of Kings, a national epic of legends and poems of the Iranian people completed by the poet Firdowsi in AD 1010. This version was created in the early 16th century for Shah Tahmasb at Tabriz and was bought in the middle of this century by Arthur A. Houghton.

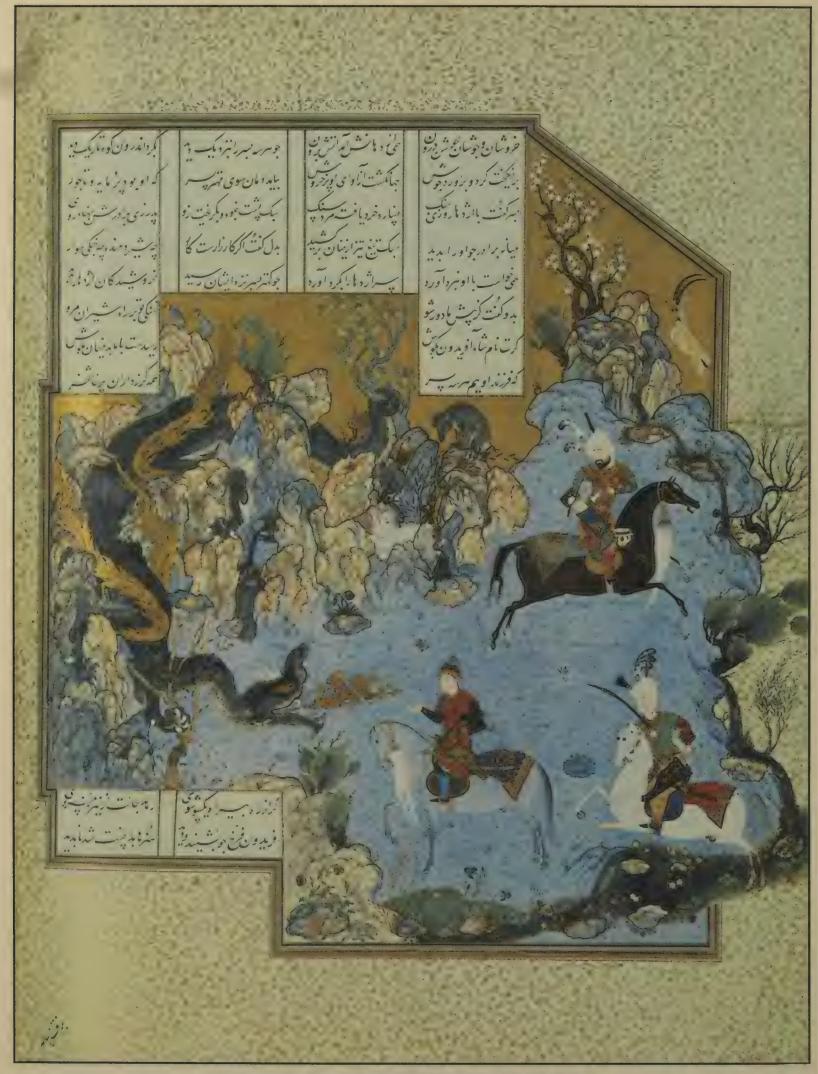
The book has been reproduced by the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University and Harvard University Press in a limited edition of 750 copies; 150 of these have been assigned to Iranian scholars and the remaining 600 are available to the public at a price of £1,000 for the two volumes. Volume I describes the making of the Shahnameh and discusses the styles of the paintings and the history and political

ambiance in which they were produced. Safavi painting is linked with the Timuri and with the Turkman and other dynasties of Tabriz.

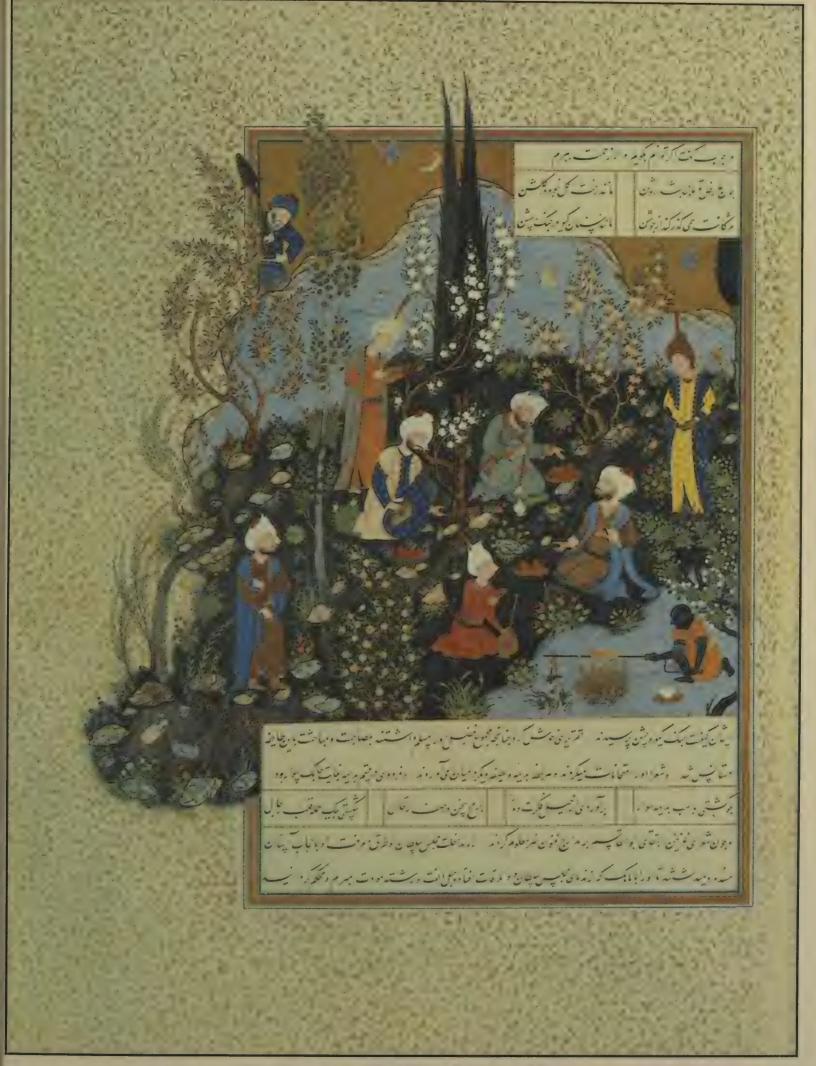
Volume II contains 269 plates, reproducing all the Houghton *Shahnameh* miniatures in their actual size, together with the binding and ornamental illuminations; and 21 of the paintings are reproduced in full colour by the collotype process. A text page opposite each describes the action taking place.

Besides being a work which will attract art lovers as well as scholars and bibliophiles, this book is a historical record of a manuscript that is now broken up: 79 of the miniatures were given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, seven illuminated pages were sold at Christie's in 1976, and others were sold by Agnew's.





Faridun, in the Guise of a Dragon, Tests His Sons. Painted by Aqa-Mirak.



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# Popular pleasures



The pictures on this and the following pages were among those shown at exhibition this year at the Fine Arts Society in New Bond Street. They illustrate the British at their leisure, engaged in popular pursuits and public pleasures—such things as circuses, fairs, theatre, sporting events, picnics, days at the seaside, firework parties. Appropriately, the exhibition opened on a Bank Holiday Monday, and candy floss, soda-pop and liquorice allsorts served from buckets were provided for guests.

One of the earliest works is *Bank Holiday*, by Charles Altamont Doyle, brother of the delineator of fairies Richard Doyle, and father of Conan Doyle. The scene is Dickensian in its robust life and rich gallery of characters—the wheedling gypsies, the redoubtable female stall-holder, the two middle-class innocents who are undoubtedly going to have their pockets picked. Cecil Lay's view of a Bank Holiday in Lowestoft in 1929 »

Top, Bank Holiday, Lowestoft, 1929, by Cecil Lay, 1885-1956; watercolour,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  by  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Right, Bank Holiday, by Charles Altamont Doyle, 1832-93; pen, ink and watercolour,  $10\frac{3}{4}$  by  $14\frac{1}{2}$  inches.





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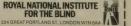
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is a much safer and more decorous affair-though tinged with mystery: just what is it that engages the attention of most of the people in the picture, so that all we see of them is their backs?

Gluck paints us another Bank Holiday, in 1937, and this is a sophisticate's. or at any rate an anti-romantic's view. an androgynous figure makes eyes at a red-lipped lady, there is litter on the ground, there are balloons and a party hooter and an air of febrile razzmatazz so that you can almost hear the noise of the roundabout in the background

A romantic would flee to Arthur Melville's magical evocation of Henley regatta at night, with its bobbing lights and Chinese lanterns reflected in the water; the background noises here would be tinkling laughter, the pop of champagne corks and a string orchestra, half-heard, playing somewhere on

The theatre is represented by John Dickson Innes's view from a box, painted in about 1912, though the focus of attention is far more the profile of the pretty girl than the activities proceeding on stage. The fair and the circus are seen through the eyes of Romilly Fedden and of Ethelbert White, both of whom take a romantic view: everything is as neat as a wren's nest, the grass is free of rubbish, the tents and caravans sparkling clean. There is no disillusion or cynicism in either of these paintings.

Left, Henley Regatta by Night, 1889, by Arthur Melville, 1855-1904; watercolour, 143 by 22 inches. Below left, At the Circus, Rye, 1913, by Romilly Fedden, 1875-1939; watercolour, 8 by 113 inches. Below, Bonfire-Jubilee Night, 1935, by Orovida Camille Pissarro, 1893-1968; tempera, 34 by 433 inches.





## Popular pleasures

Bonfire-Jubilee Night, 1935, by Orovida Camille Pissarro, has a strange, other-worldly quality about it not entirely explained by the flickering illumination which lights it. The artist was daughter of Lucien and granddaughter of Camille Pissarro and is best known for her drawings of animals. George V's Silver Jubilee, which this picture records, was in May and this explains why flowers grow in the foreground, but not why they so fascinate the children. Their preoccupation with these rather than with the bonfire, which might be thought to be the focus of attention, and the fixed stares and trance-like attitudes of the other spectators are reminiscent of the work of the Symbolists. The viewer suspects some hidden meaning, implied not stated.

Right, Bank Holiday Monday, 1937, by Gluck, 1895-1978; oil on canvas, 10 by 8 inches. Far right, At the Theatre, c 1912, by John Dickson Innes, 1887-1914; oil on canvas, 24 by 18 inches. Below, The Fairground, c 1930, by Ethelbert White, 1891-1972; watercolour, 9½ by 13 inches.







## The mills of London







London is surprisingly rich in windmills and watermills, relics of the age of sail- and water-power, which can be found in the most unexpected places and are poignant reminders of the times when the capital was still surrounded by open countryside.

Photographs by Lucinda Lambton.



Shirley Mill, near Croydon, stands in the grounds of John Ruskin Grammar School. It is a mid-19th-century tower mill which was in use until the 1880s.



Upminster Mill, a large smock mill set in parkland, was built at the beginning of the 19th century. It was closed in the 1930s, but has been extensively restored.



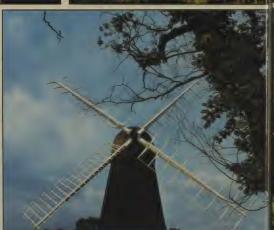








Top left, the stump of a mill on Plumstead Common; top right, Arkley Mill, near Barnet; above, the remains of a pumping mill on Wandsworth Common; right, the windmill at Brixton stands adjacent to the prison.







Top left, the "hollow post" mill on Wimbledon Common is the last of its kind in England; top right, the tide-mill at Bromley-by-Bow; above, the mill in Morden Hall Park; left, a waterwheel at Merton.

# Invested in their motley

by Ursula Robertshaw

Masques have for centuries been the recreations of courts and kings but, as is usual, the fashion gradually spread downwards in society and by the 1920s fancy dress parties were thrown by and for the Bright Young Things and frequently featured in the illustrated magazines of the day.

There is a psychological release in donning dress of a period or character other than one's own: in the robes of a houri even the timid might flutter an eyelash, a page's costume gives an opportunity to flaunt a shapely leg, and if Harlequin meets his Columbine, well, anything may happen.

Even the children joined in this kind of fun and tots would be got up as Cupid, a Yeoman Warder of the Tower, a bearded Sultan or a butterfly, as pictured in a sketch of a ball given at the Mansion House in 1920.













AFTER THE BALL

# Don't get tired - drink BOVRIL

## Invested in their motley

Costumes ranged from the historically accurate to the wildly fantastic, but somehow reflected the fashion of the time: you could never confuse one of the 20s costumes with a Victorian one, even when both were trying to depict the same character. Certainly the two confections above right, designated la Poupée, top, and, unbelievably, a Himalayan skier, bottom, with their sub-Erté style, could belong only to the age of the Flapper. They were designed

as possibilities for the New Year ball at the Albert Hall in 1925.

So popular and widespread did fancy dress parties become that they were featured in advertisements of the day. Bovril, for example, was recommended to revive guests exhausted by too much dancing—a non-alcoholic version of today's lager that "reaches the parts other beers cannot reach".

There was plenty of advice for those who wanted to make their own costumes, but for people too busy or too inept with the needle to do so Gamages advertised that they had a "wonderful selection", illustrating their claim with

a gypsy girl and a female pierrot. But whether bought or DIY, no wardrobe in the 20s was complete without a fancy dress or two. *The Bystander* of November 2, 1927, a winter sports number, warned that it was "an unwise woman indeed who doesn't take one fancy costume along with her" to Switzerland "in order that she may 'invest in her motley' at short notice."

Even fiction mirrored the craze. In Murder Must Advertise Lord Peter Wimsey attends a raffish fancy dress party at a house on the Thames doubly disguised as "Mr Bredon" and as an agile and elusive Harlequin. Other

guests included "a member of the Vehmgericht with its black cassock and black eyeletted hood", a girl dressed as a powder puff, another wearing little more than a top hat, a monocle and a pair of patent leather boots, and the hectic Dian de Momerie herself "in a moonlight frock of oyster satin".

And what have we today? Only the Notting Hill carnival, and the costume balls that are reported to take place on

cruises, for which guests, or victims, are

required to concoct some sort of

apparel from lengths of crêpe paper,

Sellotape and the odd towel or two.

What a falling off is here.





#### Schafer's stamp creations

by Brenda Ralph Lewis

When the world's first prepaid postage embroidery-effect pictures and a firestamps were issued in 1840, the new later Penny Reds were regarded by some people as nothing but little coloured bits of paper. Others were more enthusiastic and began to collect them, a craze which still grips millions the world over. In the early days these little coloured bits of paper were sometimes stuck on walls, furniture, fireplaces or china-in fact, on any surface to which they would adhere.

A good surviving example can be seen today in Market Drayton, Shropshire, where there is a room which was performer and songwriter called Albert Schafer, Essentially a collection of movables, the room was sold after Schafer's death in 1948 and is now owned by Richard Meadon. Begun in unusual art, which required an enormous amount of time, patience and

Using cancellation marks and fiscal duced in those years the décor, decorations and much of the atmosphere of a typical late-Victorian parlour, commodel ships and portraits, figurines.

place whose surround of 150 "tiles" Penny Blacks, Twopenny Blues and alone contains 3,000 stamps. Schafer also produced a portrait of himself dressed as a circus ringmaster, using German, Swedish and British stamps.

Britain and British Commonwealth issues predominate in Schafer's designs, in which he used not only the stamps themselves but also their postmarks. Postmarks, for instance, form the curls over the forehead of the 1920s. "earphone" hairstyle worn by the girl whose bust stands on the grand piano. The Stamp Room also contains innumerable foreign stamps sent to decorated entirely in stamps by a circus Albert Schafer from all over the world, by friends made while he was on his regular tours with the Schafer family troupes of acrobats, wire walkers, clowns and other circus performers.

Albert Schafer appears to have been 1900, it is a remarkable example of this a man of many talents and much energy: he was a cartoonist, a trade union and show business charity organizer and the composer and author of over 200 songs and ballads. Like most as well as postage stamps, Schafer pro- circus folk, Schafer began walking wires at a very early age, when he also began sticking stamps on the lower reaches of tables, chairs and other furplete with grand piano, wall plaques. niture. His risky profession exposed him to many perils, and much of the



Albert Schafer's portrait of himself, using German, Swedish and British stamps,







room was created when he was recuperating from falls from the high wire.

As therapy and distraction, too, the Stamp Room had its value during the air raids on London in the Second World War, when Schafer was living in Chiswick. It was a one-man enterprise, with Schafer sticking on every stamp, making every model and later, when the room went on show at exhibitions in London and the south of England. wrapping and packing every item.

This possessive, protective attitude is understandable: for example Schafer had spent many patient hours making the traditional willow pattern out of blue stamps of Sweden, some of them cut into minute slivers to create petals and leaves. More hours went on the room's piano, which is decorated in Victorian Penny Reds, with keys covered in black and white deed and fiscal stamps. Ballet dancers, acrobats, a performing dog and a man on stilts people a papier-mâché trav depicting Delibes's ballet Coppélia. The Spanish guitar was given its mahogany wood effect by dozens of Edward VII penny stamps. Stamps of Edward's son, King George V. march down the spines of dummy books on the shelves flanking the fireplace. A picture of old Windsor. with the castle in the background and complete with cobbled street, is made from brown Canadian stamps. The sign hanging over the shop in the foreground is made from a single stamp. the 2 cents red of Canada, 1908, depicting King Edward VII and Oueen Alexandra. The table in the room is set for tea, with stamp-decorated china and cakes iced in stamps with "sugar decorations" of green and red stamps.

The most impressive and imaginative single item in the room is the world map, in which each country is shaped from its own stamps. American Presidents George Washington and Abraham Lincoln mark the United States. for instance, and Benjamin Franklin, in a decoration which was not too far from historical truth in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, "occupies" the Gulf of Mexico. Queen Victoria provides the stamps for Canada. Simon Bolivar, liberator of South America stamps Colombia. Across the world Chulalongkorn, the first monarch of Siam to be depicted on stamps, covers what is now Thailand

The world map is in the ornamental Victorian style borrowed from fanciful 15th-century geographers, with elaborate depictions of sailing ships, horns of plenty, a lighthouse, the moon and Here, too, the sun casts its rays over the world-wide British Empire on which, in Albert Schafer's youth, it never set. Just how much Britannia ruled the waves in that bygone age is commemorated in a particularly effective fashion: the world's seas and oceans are totally covered in British stamps-the Edward VII halfpenny greens of 1902.

Left, a willow-patterned plate; far left, a floral design; above left, the fireplace with a surround of 150 "tiles"



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#### Heirlooms of the Future

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## Grierson's flower portraits

The drawings illustrated on this and the following pages are by the distinguished botanical artist Mary Grierson and were shown at an exhibition at Spink's earlier this year. Miss Grierson was Botanical Artist and Illustrator at Kew from 1960 to 1972; her work is internationally acclaimed and she has been commissioned to paint the flora of many parts of the world. Spink's give her showings at regular intervals and hope to hold another exhibition of her work in the near future.







Left, fritillaries, lady's smock, violets and barren strawberry. Right, early purple orchid with cowslips and violets.





Left, fruits of wild arum, ivy and blackberry leaves, bracken and stag beetle. Right, yellow horned poppy, sea holly, sea bindweed and shells.





Left, wild sea pansy with feather and periwinkle shell. Right, sea buckthorn and Painted Lady butterfly.



Yellow flag iris, Indian balsam and other plants of the river towpath, with dragonflies.



Fruits of the gladdon iris, autumn seed-heads and Tortoiseshell butterfly.

## The sporting route to Brighton

by Lyn Atterbury



The Romans used to tramp the road to Brighton, or rather to Pyecombe on the South Downs, where the route out of London joined the east-west thoroughfares linking Chichester, Stane Street and the old settlements of Lewes and Pevensey. It began where so many Roman roads met, at London Bridge, and made its way through Croydon, Godstone, Felbridge and then across the Weald through Ardingly, Burgess Hill and eventually to Pyecombe where numerous trackways led down to the coast. Later another, shorter, route developed that took the traveller out of London via Clapham, Mitcham, Sutton, Reigate and Povey Cross.

It was not, however, until 1696 that the new road was made that can really be regarded as the progenitor of the present Brighton road. It was a causeway for horsemen, constructed in Surrey between Reigate and Crawley which later, in 1755, was operated as a toll road for all traffic. This was the first of the toll gates on the Brighton road, and the last to remain in regular use.

Borough High Street used to be the oldstarting point for journeys to Brighton, but after 1749 the new bridge at Westminster became a more conven-

The Brighton coach coming down Cuckfield Hill, from *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of August 22, 1874.

ient place to begin. On May 1, 1791, the first Brighton mail coach service was established, and by 1826 as many as 17 coaches ran between London and Brighton. The coaching era gave way to steam and the railway; then came the motor car. The Motor Car Club celebrated the age of the car with a procession to Brighton on November 4, 1896, Emancipation Day, as it became known, when the law requiring a red flag or lamp to be carried in front of the vehicle was abolished. The event was the inspiration for the Veteran Car Rally from London to Brighton held each November.

During the Regency period the White Horse Cellar or Hatchett's in Piccadilly were popular starting places for journeys to Brighton. It was the Prince Regent, later King George IV, who was the town's greatest patron. The Prince first visited Brighton on September 7, 1783, and by 1787 had had a house built for himself which was gradually transformed into the Royal Pavilion. Brighton became the place to go to, the place to be seen in and the

place to talk about. But it was not just a matter of getting there; it also mattered how quickly the journey could be completed. Appropriately enough the Prince Regent set the first records. On July 25, 1784, he rode from Brighton to Carlton House, London and back in 10 hours. A month later, using a phaeton drawn by three horses harnessed in tandem, he set another record by leaving London at 1am and reaching Brighton four-and-a-half hours later. Coach operators vied with each other to provide the fastest journey, the record being set up by Charles Harbour, who drove the Red Rover coach to Brighton in 3 hours 40 minutes on February 4, 1834. In 1880, in an attempt to revive coach travel, Jim Selby drove the Old Times coach from London to Brighton and back in 7 hours 50 minutes.

The 19th century marked the beginning of a new age of discovery, during which the limits of human strength and endurance began to be explored. The first athletic clubs, Thames Hare and Hounds and Blackheath Harriers, had

been established by 1869, and so, too, had the first cycling clubs. Predictably the Brighton road became the venue for feats of athletic prowess.

The first recorded run on the Brighton road was on January 30, 1837, when two professional runners, John Townsend and Jack Berry, set off for Brighton from the Elephant and Castle. Townsend triumphed with a time of 8 hours 37 minutes. In 1868 Benjamin Trench is reported to have walked from Kennington Church to Brighton and back in 23 hours for, as was common in those days, a heavy wager. A walking race organized by Polytechnic Harriers on April 10, 1897, marked the beginning of more controlled and better authenticated events, and it was won by Teddy Knott in 8 hours 56 minutes 44 seconds. A Polish competitor carried a revolver in his pocket, in case he should be attacked by wolves. The race started from the Polytechnic in Regent Street, some distance from today's starting place on Westminster Bridge.

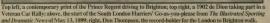
The first running event was promoted by South London Harriers on May 6, 1899, and was won by F. Randall of Finchley Harriers in 6 hours 58 minutes 18 seconds. The annual













The current record holder is Alastair Wood of Aberdeen, who ran the distance in 5 hours 11 minutes 2 seconds 1935 Harold Whitlock broke the in 1972. The best time recorded by a seconds by Leslie Watson, London Olympiads AC, in 1979, Since 1972 the route has been revised so that there is more than 1/2 mile extra to run, and Ian Thompson's run of 5 hours 15 minutes 15 seconds on the 1980 course gives who could eat up the miles at over 200 him an estimated best-ever London to pages a minute. He won eight consecu-Brighton run of 5 hours 10 minutes 46 tive London to Brighton victories

by the Road Runners Club.

Perhaps the walkers are the real kings of the Brighton road. They not only walked to Brighton, but prided themselves on having the stamina to do the double journey-there and back. The race was held every fourth year until 1967, and was promoted by the cover nowadays, which makes exact Surrey Walking Club. Since then highspeed traffic at night has made the road too dangerous for those who would aspire to do 104 miles of "heel and toe",

and other venues have had to be found. The time of 18 hours 5 minutes 52 seconds recorded by that phenomenal little walker W. F. Baker, on June 18-19, 1926, now stands for all time.

However the annual London to Brighton walk still takes place each September, organized again by Surrey Walking Club, and in addition the Stock Exchange AC have their own London to Brighton race in May each vear. Teddy Knott's time of 8 hours 56 minutes 44 seconds was set in 1897; in "impossible" eight hours, recording 7 hours 53 minutes 23 seconds-and in the following year showed the rest of the world the way home by winning the Olympic 50 kilometres title.

Then came possibly the greatest ever long-distance walker, Don Thompson, between 1955 and 1962, and seven of them inside eight hours. His course record, set in 1957 with 7 hours 35 minutes 12 seconds, was so fast that no walker has even got near to breaking it. Like the runners on the Brighton road, the walkers also have extra distance to record even more elusive. The present course for the Brighton walk is esti-

the run 53 miles 856 yards-easily some of the toughest miles in the world.

Cyclists have also sought glory on the Brighton road. The first recorded ride was by John Mayall, Rowley Turner and John Spencer, who completed the distance in about 12 hours as a means of demonstrating the new Michaux "velocipedes" that were being 1869. By 1874 the record had been reduced to a time inside four-and-ahalf hours. However, cyclists preferred to concentrate on the double journeyto Brighton and back. One of the early record-holders was F. W. Shorland, the nephew of Jerome K. Jerome, who in 1890 rode to Brighton and back in 7 hours 19 minutes. Then there was a remarkable ride by 16-year-old Tessie Revnolds who in 1893 rode from London to Brighton and back in eightand-a-half hours. She was wearing bloomers and long stockings-"rational dress" as it was politely called-a scandal in those days when, as Jerome reminds us, "a woman's leg was a thing known only to herself and God".

Athletics was an exclusively male domain for many years-the involvement of women in cycling was well ahead of its time. Even as late as 1935 for a woman to run to Brighton was still unthought of; but then Pearl Pratt of the Vegetarian Cycling & Athletic mated at 52 miles 1,408 yards, and for Club completed the Brighton and back in 5 hours 46 minutes 4 seconds. The current women's cycling record, set in 1972, is 4 hours 55 minutes 28 seconds. As for the men, Shorland's time has been clipped to 4 hours 15 minutes 8

seconds, the current record, set in 1977. The Brighton road has been run. walked and cycled. Beds, prams and wheelbarrows have been pushed along it to raise money for charity. Athletes from all over the world have come to do battle with it-indeed, it is probably the most sporting road in the world. Perhaps, nowadays, its appeal is waning. Not because it no longer presents a challenge, but because it has been overrun by the motor-vehicle, suffocated by the stifling, smelly fumes from the traffic, and depressed by mile after mile of lifeless, soul-destroying dual-

Yet there will always be those who will want to run and walk and cycle the Brighton road. Others, like the 12,000 cyclists who each May ride from London to Brighton, may choose to abandon the traditional Brighton road in favour of a new route. This is not very direct, nearer 60 than 50 miles, but hurry and not much traffic. It is a pleasant relaxing day out in good company travelling through the lanes and they can still get to Brighton as quickly, or as slowly, as the Prince

Regent did in 1784.

# Christmas past









Plus ça change... These illustrations from Christmas issues of the ILN in 1882 show that many of the activities of this season survive. We may nowadays buy our Christmas tree from a street trader; our poultry may come ready plucked, even "oven ready"; and our tinsel decorations may be everlasting rather than evergreen; but most of us do still have a tree, a Christmas dinner and festive garlands. The New Year custom of first-footing—in which the first man to cross the threshold after midnight on December 31, bearing symbolic gifts of food or fuel, lets in the New Year and brings good luck to the house—is also still practised.





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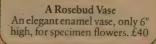


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### Bangkok bicentennial

by Dominic Faulder

In Thailand, 1982 has been made a year of thanksgiving to mark the bicentenary of the founding of the present dynasty and the capital city of Bangkok by King Rama I.

The foundation of the modern city of Divine City. Foreigners, however, have Bangkok was preceded in Thailand by more than two decades of violent history. In 1767 the Burmese army had captured and destroyed the old capital Ayutthaya. The Thai general Taksin, having proclaimed himself King, established a new capital at Thonburi, across village of Bangkok, In 1772 King Taksin appointed General Chakri as C-in-C of the Thai armies, and in 1782 Chakri was elected to succeed him. He was crowned on June 10, 1782, and founded the present dynasty as Rama I.

Rama I decided to move the capital once more, this time a short distance across the Chao Phraya. The new site changed three times a year to fit the was then a rag-bag collection of small houses perched on stilts over swampy ground—the little settlement called Bangkok, the "village of olives".

a re-creation of the lost glories of Ayutthava with its magnificent temples and palaces and intricate canal network. By 1785 the first buildings were completed. Rama I named his capital Rattanako-

always known it as Bangkok, Ground was set aside in the north-west corner of the palace and sprinkled with lustral waters: from that time in perpetuity this temple compound was made sacred to the veneration of Buddha and named Wat Phra Keo, a name brought from the river Chao Phraya from the then Ayutthaya. Enclosed by cool porticoed cloisters, the main building in the compound—its bot—is the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, completed in 1787.

Bangkok's original name of Rattanakosin means Emerald Buddha. The Buddha itself is about 18 inches high. seated; carved in jade it wears about its shoulders a mantle of gold which is season. In 1778 General Chakri brought it back to Siam from Vientiane in Laos, thereby forging a link between his family, subsequently the Chakri Rama I wished his new capital to be dynasty, and the Buddha which is unbroken.

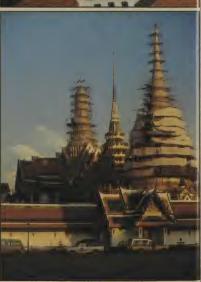
Celebrations for the anniversary began in grand style in April, after Bangkok had had a facelift. Wat Phra Keo, home of the Emerald Buddha,







Workers employed on the restoration project replacing glazed tiles and positioning decorative glass chips by hand. Right, the three tallest structures in Wat Phra Keo during renovation. Top right, the roof of one of the smaller structures.









Top, the Temple of the Emerald Buddha viewed from above and, left, from the ground. Above, the temple's newly restored multi-layered roof and two of the 108 Nagas, stylized relics of snake worship set in gold-encrusted gables, that decorate it.





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## The road to Paradise

by Simon Winchester

"A place of exceptional happiness and delight" is how Britannica defines Paradise-and yet for a variety of reasons the nine towns of that name listed in the National Atlas of the United States did not seem quite the stuff of which heaven was fashioned. Why did only 20 people live in Paradise, Arkansas, for instance? And why only 100 in Paradise, Kansas? Why, if someone had once bothered to name a spot by the Mississippi delta with another word for Elysium, did so few stay around to drink of its delights? Was there something wrong? Why, indeed, had the places been named Paradise in the first place? That, of course, was no more valid an inquiry than how Intercourse, Pennsylvania, came by its name, or how Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, or Thunderbolt, Georgia, came by theirs. Nor even Hell, Michigan. And yet on closer inspection there did seem a reason.

For the nine listed Paradises, it turned out, stretched across America in a straightish line, all the way from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific coast, via the Great Lakes. As they did so they became, according to the statistics noted in the Atlas, ever larger and more populous places. Paradise, Montana, for example, had 350 souls; Paradise, Nevada, sported 5,000; and Paradise. California, four times that number. Why did more people appear to consider the western outposts of Paradise more pleasant than those back East? And was any one of those towns as truly heavenly as those who named them a century or so ago had then supposedly believed? One summer's day I strapped myself behind the wheel of a blue Oldsmobile in Washington, DC, pointed myself northwards along Highway 270, and went to look for some answers.

But first, some pedantry and some logistics. The National Atlas of the United States misspeaks itself. There are not nine Paradises; there are, so far as I can gather, 12, and there may be 13. The ones listed in the Atlas are in the States of Florida, Arkansas, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Montana, Utah, California and Alaska. It turns out there are others in Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Nevada, and there are rumours, but so far no cartographic confirmation, of a settlement with that name up in Washington State.

For economic reasons I decided not to visit the Paradises in Florida and Alaska, for the former is said to be a newish community for what they call the Senior Citizenry, and the latter is hopelessly small and obscure. I did visit the rest, with the exception of Paradise, Kentucky, in which, I am given to understand, is the lair of the world's largest excavating machine, which lugs coal out of the Appalachian foothills at



about one British shift-full every 10 minutes. The trouble was that I was quite ignorant of the existence of Paradise, Kentucky, until I had passed it; I was then in deepest Kansas and loath to retrace my steps.

The first Paradise I came to, then, was in Pennsylvania, a few miles from the power station at Three Mile Island, and not far from the great chocolate factory at Hershey, the American equivalent of Bournville, though without the Quakers. Instead, from 20 miles north of Paradise, Pennsylvania, to 20 miles south are a more curious people still—the dour and ascetic greybeards who are wrongly titled the Pennsylvania Dutch (it should be Deutsch), the most extreme group of which are known as the Amish. Paradise, Pennsylvania, a mile west of Intercourse in the centre of Lancaster County, is Amish country with a vengeance.

You see them working the fields with their horse-drawn ploughs, or going home along the dusty roads, their broad-brimmed black hats, their untrimmed beards (but never a moustache), their grey and blue coats of homespun cloth, never buttoned, always hooked. They look like Balkan peasants, though their farms are neat and prosperous-looking and very American. It turned out that there had been a row between some of the Amish

in Paradise—the home-worship Amish, who believe that electricity is a force for evil, being man-made and externally supplied, and who thus pray at home each night by candlelight, were having a disagreement with a group calling themselves the barn Amish, who believe electricity, in its place, to be a good thing. The barn Amish, who live at one end of town, had just installed electric lights in the barns, and prayed there in a shower of electrons and other evil manifestations; the home-worship folk were said to be sulking about it and the two groups were not talking to each other

I was told this by a charming old lady called Mrs Kinzer, who lives in a splendid 17th-century log cabin. She is one of the oldest residents of Paradise and bitterly regrets the way the whole county has been commercialized by tourists wanting to gawk at the Amish folk. And she has a point: the road that pierces the heart of what once was a pretty little village is littered with billboards and cheap motels and flashing neon. This has only recently happened: when the settlement celebrated its 250th anniversary in 1962 the road was just another Lancaster County lane, narrow and rutted, and more used to tractors than to the speeding monsters of today. Notionally, it was-and had been since 1792—the Lancaster to

Philadelphia Turnpike, but until the tourist industry discovered the quaint ways of the Amish it was an untravelled route and the towns along its way were quiet and forgotten.

Mary Ferree, who is regarded as the town's founder, came from Landau, in the German Palatinate, whose people were Protestants and lived in constant fear of persecution. They responded eagerly to an announcement by the then Governor of Pennsylvania, William Penn, that Protestants from Switzerland and the Palatinate could come and live in his untroubled dominions. Mrs Ferree went first to a Huguenot settlement in upstate New York, on the Hudson, but a friend bought her 2,300 acres of land from Governor Penn, land in the valley of the Pequea River, not far from a farming village called Lancaster. Mary Ferree reached the river valley in 1712 and her first words, we are told, were, "This is truly a

She made peace with the local Indians, invited her Huguenot brothers to join her adventure, and four years later, just as Germans with names like Groff and Zimmerman, Slaymaker and Witmer were streaming over to build their pretty wooden farmhouses, their mills and their seed stores, she died. Her grave stands on a bluff a mile south of town, away from the roar of the highway traffic, the lands all round tended by silent, bearded men of dour mien and High German accents.

From her burial ground you look back over the rolling cornfields towards the small church of another group, the Mennonites, and the houses that cluster round it, and you can see and feel some of the peace that Mary Ferree must have known when she reached here so many years ago. But today it is, I fear, a paradise spoiled by the curious with their petrol fumes, their litter and their neon signs. The Amish are said to fear the tide of modernism coming to sweep them away; the high Mennonite priests argue bitterly with those novitiates who would try to bend the inflexible canons of this peculiar church. Indeed, you see more sadness than anger in the Amish eyes-the thought that America has come and besmirched Mary Ferree's Paradise over the last 20 years seems more than they can bear. But if it comes as any comfort to them, this is not the only Paradise to have suffered at the hands of Mammon: this one simply has the guardians of the old customs still around to gaze ruefully at the way the times have changed.

A day later I was on an aircraft flying north to the one part of America that in high summer is still cool enough to bear: the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, the would-be secessionist region linked only by a huge suspension bridge to the State it wants



#### The road to Paradise

to be parted from. There is a Paradise. Michigan, a long way from anywhere, high on the lake shore 100 miles northwest of the great locks of the St Lawrence Seaway at Sault Ste Marie. "The Soo" is a dour place, all scudding rain and rusty ore freighters easing their way through the locks that connect Lakes Superior and Huron.

Paradise is situated on a sandy spit overlooking Whitefish Bay, an inlet of curious turbulences and shallows which broke up the great ore carrier Edmund Fitzgerald a few years ago, while she was ploughing eastwards through a storm trying to make the shelter of the Soo. Most of the dead were washed up on Paradise sands. "Entering Paradise-Glad You Made It!" says a broken sign above the bank. The village nestles among pine woods, its cottages either the homes of retired lumbermen or belonging to weekenders from "down below", in the you're a logger, and not a lowly burn. because no one but a logger stirs his coffee with his thumb." That was scrawled on the bottom of a menu at the Paradise drug store soda fountain.

Curley Lewis, deaf as a post, bald as a coot and with his lips permanently wrapped round a wet old stogy, is the man who named the town, back in 1917. He has been called Curley since his Detroit days when "I had hair just like a nigger's. Come up here, darned stuff all dropped out." He worked in a garage in the city, and came up here with his friends Ed Le Duc and Lynn McGregor to hunt deer and black bear. "I remember like it was vesterday. Sitting on a stump down by the lake. warm summer evening, the smell of the pine woods. And I said to Lynn: 'Boy. this is so darn beautiful it should be called Paradise.' So I quit my job . . . and have lived here ever since."

I suggested to him that Paradise was, well, a little bleak-and he told me to visit the waterfalls a couple of miles west of town, "then you'll see what I mean". The Tahquamenon Falls, buried in 10,000 acres of Hiawatha birch forest, are wide and mighty and bright orange with peat-the unbending roar in the dark, soft-floored forest is majestic and the first sight of the flashing wall of glittering, flamecoloured water is unforgettable. You can imagine Chippewa Indians, the French fur traders, the camps of portageurs, the last of the Mohicans. Today, though few tourists percolate this far north, there are the inevitable Airstreams and Winnebagos, and the Michigan Park Service has been persuaded to erect a sign saving "Take Nothing but Pictures-Leave Nothing But Footprints" to keep down the litter and the theft of maple saplings. I could see what drew Curley here 70 years ago: I could see it better sitting in a summer fog beneath the Paradise lighthouse, its siren barking out towards the stained freighters thrashing soundlessly

through the Superior waves. There was a sombre glory to it all-but it was Paradise only to a man who likes to see a roe deer on the crosswires of his rifle. and that, so far, is not me.

So, after spending an hour with a curious man in a café-a man who edits a monthly journal entirely occupied with ovine arcana: it was called Sheen Tales and had the indelicacy or so I thought, to show pictures of magnificent ewes winning contests in towns like Racine. Ohio, next to "a selection of light, easy lamb recipes for light easy summer days..."-I took a plane south across the Mississippi River to Little Rock, Arkansas. The next Paradise was three hours south of there-or so I had supposed.

Eastern Arkansas must have been a torrid and miserable sort of place in the summers of a century or so ago: there were no levees to keep the river in check and each spring it would flood, covering the meadows from Blytheville to Eudora with a carpet of umbrous mud.

Then the humidity would settle on lower part of the State. "I see that the place like a thick, wet carpet and with mosquitoes the size of rats and ebony snakes of remarkably mean spirit slithering around, the delta was no place for a civilized man. Unless, of course, he wanted to make a fortune in cotton-which likes mud and mosquitoes and humidity, it seems-and could live on a hillock and oversee his millions in the making. Such a hillock just south of the Bartholomew Bayou must have seemed an appropriate place, and the French and Germans and Italians who had been lured over by tales of riches to be made in the New World settled there. One of them-perhaps on an evening when the bobwhite and the whippoorwill sang, and the sun set bloodily over the old live oaks-called the place Paradise.

> Today there are only three houses when we do things like this." left, grouped round a gravevard known

as The Lone Sassafras Burving Ground. Kudzu vine creeps relentlessly over the power poles, clawing them back into the delta jungle, covering them with sickly green leaves. Dan Wolfe remembers the town when there cotton gin and when "it was a pretty lively sort of place. But then the Georgia Pacific Company came and bought up all the cotton farms and planted timber, and the place became a logging town, with a railroad depot to carry the stuff away. The community vanished almost overnight. The last store closed 15 years back," The nearest store now is the market by the Ashley, Drew and two days later. Northern Railroad depot at Ladelle, 5 miles away. Down there people were arguing over the merits of the new law passed in Little Rock, forcing schoolteachers to instruct their children in the its unclouded vastness were rolling theory of creationism, as well as evolution. "I feel it's a bad thing, even though I'm a sincere Baptist," said Mrs set trees. The trucks that whistled by me Houston Austin, the store owner. "It carried stands of drilling pipe, and there makes us Arkansas folk look stupid to were dozens of black oil wells on the the outside world. I guess that's why horizon, the so-called "nodding they call us rednecks or specklebellies donkeys" that looked, from a distance, or whatever they say. We deserve it like charred locusts dipping hungrily





And she went back to serving an old lumberman with his tin of chewing tobacco: he had a choice of six kinds Day's Work, Cannonball, Taylor's Pride, Levi Garrett, Red Man or Skoal. He chose a tin of winter-green flavoured Skoal and an ounce of Garrett's were a couple of grocery stores and a snuff, also popular round these parts. Mrs Austin asked me to try some Skoal, and taught me how to place a pinch under my tongue and "leave it there till you start to feel it". It must have been about two seconds before I got the sensation that my mouth was at the wrong end of an ill-tempered wasp: my whole face was still smarting by the time I crossed the State line into Texas.

> By the time I reached Paradise, Texas, it was clear I had left the East well behind. Here the great dome of the big sky dominated everything; beneath prairies, with sturdy brown and white cattle, stands of alfalfa, clumps of well-

It is a railroad town, "a happy little place set in a sea of flowers", as one of the oldest inhabitants, Anne Potts, put it. Mrs Potts was born in Paradise in 1898; her family came from Tennessee, "trying to make their fortune out of oil and cattle, like all newcomers to Texas. The Rock Island Line came through in 1902, and the place really started to sizzle. There was a hotel and a lumber vard, two or three gins and two doctors and any number of stores. We burned the ground in 1903 and then again in the 1930s. But we always rebuilt it, and the farmers round here found new ways to make money all the time. They shipped watermelons and cantaloupes and cucumbers, and the cattle went off to Fort Worth. Everything went well while the railroad was here. It cost me just over \$1 to get into Fort Worth for an evening out. And the mobile cinema-the hoopie truck they called it-would come once a month, so we

The big event in the history of Paradise was in 1936 when Machine Gun Kansas towns it can hardly be de-

Fort Worth, has Texas writ large over a Thomson gun-took an Oklahoma

oil man hostage and held him in a barn at Cottondale, a mile down the road. "They eventually let him free, but this feller had noticed that a plane flew dead overhead each day at 10 o'clock. The police looked at the departures from Dallas and found out what plane it was, found the house and surrounded it. There was a great to-do, G-men from all over, lots of guns. They took Kelley and his friend Boss Shannon away, and the 16-cylinder Cadillac they owned. Everyone in town liked them down twice-whole town flattened to all. It was a pity to see them go." Kelley ended up in Leavenworth Penitentiary, where he died: his grave, a small marker with only the inscription George Barns Kelley is at Cottondale

For those who, like me, take pleasure in the whimsical, Paradise, Kansas, offers the gentlest of happy coincidences: the principal family in town are the Angels, and the Angels of Paradise, wheat farmers, are almost as you

would expect Angels of Paradise to be.

Their town, too, has an ineffable loveliness about it, though like most of a job: "They say 10,000 post offices are going to have to go, so why should they keep Paradise? We get only a sackful of mail a day. Busiest times are when the Sears catalogues come in." There is an insurance company, of all things-with IBM electronic typewriters and a humming computer terminal that some of the nearby farmers like to use to compute their grain stocks or their ploughing times. The office is run by the senior Angel-the Archangel John, who came to Paradise 50

all possible places to settle, "We have

found Paradise at last "said Mr Mead and put down his tent, and built a

stockade, and waited for America to

America-in the shape of the railroad-did that 60 years later, and for a

while Paradise had a newspaper and a bank, several stores, a harness shop, a

butcher and a cafe. All of them are gone

now. There is a post office, run by a

voluble, kindly woman named Beth

Whitman, who is afraid the Reagan

Administration is about to put her out

years ago and whose children and

grandchildren farm the great wheat-

fields that stretch in golden billows for

Gene Angel and his wife Sharon, as

handsome a couple as you could ever

hope to meet, and their children remain for me the quintessentially middle-American family. Gene is out all day ploughing the soybean acres, crossing his fingers for good weather, waiting for his new combine to arrive so he can start hauling in the wheat. Sharon bakes cherry pies and paints the living room of the old Worley Ranch, where her father-in-law came to live back in 1920, and which is now nearly a ruin. The children-Brian, Travis, Andrea -play contentedly at their own roles, Brian taking turns to plough. Though he is only 12 he takes out the big Massey-Ferguson, his father blessing the makers of power steering and air conditioning, and the others help round the house. They have 2,400 acres to work, and do so with a zest and serenity which anyone might envy: they have good land, good weather and God on their side, while locusts, farm prices and city folk are on the other. So far in their lives the Angels of Paradise have triumphed, and seem set to go on

scribed as beautiful or scenic, or even

very remarkable. To get there you have

to fly from Kansas City to the village of

Hays, Kansas (with an airline so small

that there is never a security check-

"people in these parts aren't generally

criminal types", the ticket agent said;

and in an aircraft so small that a fat

lady had to be politely asked to move

two seats farther aft "so the balance of

the plane is right" as the pilot said) and

then drive another 60 miles over land so

flat that a molehill really could seem

But in Paradise itself there are hills,

of a sort, and a little river valley, along

which the inevitable railway, Union

Pacific, runs its wheat trains. It is said

that a buffalo hunter named James

Mead found the place in 1859: he and a

friend had been following the Smoky

Hill River westward when they hap-

pened on a range of low, black-topped

hills. The black tops, it turned out, were

long lines of buffalo, which Mr Mead

and his friend gaily shot. The land

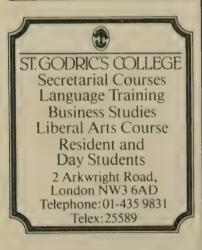
below, alive with cedar and oak, deer

like a mountain.

winning for some time to come. "Funny you should mention the Angels business," said Gene. "I accept in that I stop to think of the coincidence. And we get strangers here so rarely that we don't get to think of it too often. Paradise is that sort of a place. It's so remote nobody comes, and that, in part, is what makes it Paradise." I

couldn't have agreed more. It was a long, long haul to the next Paradise-across the endless plains of Nebraska and eastern Wyoming, past Bighorn Lake and Yellowstone, up through the Red Rock River valley and through the great passes of the central Rocky Mountains. Eighty miles north of Missoula, on the roaring torrent fresh stream water, seemed the finest of called the Clark Fork River,





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#### The road to Paradise

is the old railroad town of Paradise, Montana-so called because, it seems, "two niggers were known for a gambling game they played called Pair o' Dice", as one retired man from the Northern Pacific told me, "It wasn't anything to do with the prettiness of the place. It was just the game they played between shifts.'

And yet, for prettiness, this is the town most worthy of its name. Great walls of rock, 3,000 feet high, march each side of the river valley. A meadow a mile wide gives ample room for the 100 or so people who live here to raise their cattle and sheep. Snow sparkles on the distant hilltops. The railway lines shimmer in the sun. The moment I arrived I found the only callbox and rang some friends in New York to tell them, "I've found it."

Then I found a young woman who was cycling all the way from Butte to Spokane—about 600 miles of Rocky Mountain roads—to start university. She was looking for the mayor to ask for permission to pitch her tent beside the railway station: there was no mayor, they told her in the store, but she could do whatever she liked. We went to the Rails Café, where the hamburgers were 8 inches across and weighed a pound and cost \$1.95, and heard the same story of growth and decline, and the perfidy of the railroad companies, that has seemingly afflicted almost every Paradise. Fats Hardenbrook drove trains from 1908, when the line first came to town, until 1955, when he retired, "There was a great roundhouse here, a coaling depot where they would refuel. And it's still the place where the railroad clocks change—east of Paradise the schedules are in mountain time, west they're in Pacific. There are two clocks in the booking hall, one showing each zone."

Paradise got the dust from Mount St Helens last year, a fair coating which took a week to clear up. But otherwise little from outside makes it up the mountain pass. As I was leaving a clutch of children ran up, one of them holding a coin in his hands, "Mister! Mister! You from abroad? What's this?" It was a 2 pfennig piece, from Germany, "Where's that?" they cried, and for 10 minutes lapped up the geography lesson I offered as though they were starved for knowledge of anything beyond the Bitterroot Mountains, or the huge expanse of the Big Sky State. I left them a 5 rupee note, carefully showing them the words written in the 14 official languages of India. A crowd of little urchins were huddled around the grubby bill as I drove away, and were still there, vanishing in my mirror, as the car dropped down the pass, bound for an outside world they never—and perhaps luckily-seem destined to see.

Carelessly, I arrived at Paradise, Utah on a Sunday, and there was not a soul to be seen. It is a small, tidy, quietly respectable and prosperous little town, well marinated in the protocols of Mormonism and dominated by a Mormon church. All of its 200 residents, so far as I could make out, belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. Mormons, especially those in the State of Utah, make me feel discomfited: they are so eager and confident, so rich and powerful, so wretchedly good, that I suffer waves of envy and guilt whenever I trespass into the State—and profound relief when I leave and find normal people outside. It is as though you had stumbled into a place where all the goody-goodies and wets and teachers' pets at school had assembled, and had turned into million-dollars-a-year executives who smiled vacantly at you from their limousine windows. Paradise. Utah. seemed thus unblessed by the realities of earthly problems—which is perhaps one reason why its Mormon founders so named it. An Englishman lies buried in the cemetery—"Charles Horsley, born Sutton in Ashfield sit's near Sherwood Forest] 1833, died Paradise, Utah. 1908." It was undoubtedly the lovelier place, set in the shadow of the grand peaks of Cache National Forest, and with views of the Great Salt Lake and the endless deserts of Tooele and Box Elder Counties. For members of the Church it might even have seemed a Paradise. For an infidel like me, though, it seemed a curiously unpleasant place, as though an episode of The Prisoner ought to have been made there. I was glad to escape.

And I was glad, too, to leave Paradise, Nevada, which now ranks almost first in my internal compendium of The World's Least Inviting Places mingling with Belmopan, Jarrow Slake and Heathrow Terminal Two baggage hall. Paradise, Nevada, has the uncomfortable privilege of being next to a town called Winchester, Nevada, and both are suburbs, equally nasty, of Las Vegas, a town I would quite cheerfully see blown off the map by one of the nuclear weapons the US Air Force is always testing at Nellis Proving Ground, 80 miles north (and which set Howard Hughes a-grumbling from his penthouse suite at The Sands). Paradise, Nevada, is where the MGM Grand Hotel was-it burned downand where The Dunes is, and Caesar's Palace and The Stardust.

It is also the site of an institution of doubtful academic excellence called the University of Nevada, and of Las Vegas Airport. The people are dirty and rude, and are interested, in a leechlike way, only in extracting money from gullible visitors. But I have to hand one man a sequinned plaudit for his verbal dexterity: I was complaining about the ankle-deep litter in a Paradise cinema one night, and he retorted that the paper "was just nickel-wrappers from cheapskate tourists like you". For quick-witted venom he takes the biscuit, and long may he sojourn in Paradise for his reward.

And then, the last, and the biggest: Paradise, California, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains 100 miles

north of Sacramento. I had visions of driving downhill from the Sierra into a sylvan glen entwined with shimmering streams. Instead I found myself driving uphill along a road called The Skyway. and passing a notice that said "You are Ascending into Paradise, Population 22,571". The town, it seems, is growing too fast for its own good, and all the people flooding in are retired bluecollar workers from San Francisco, who want warm weather, mountain air and "a place called Paradise to be their last place on earth", as the town clerk, Donna Matteis, put it.

The place has a history of sorts, even though it has been a city proper for only the last two years. It used to be a stop on the railway owned by the Diamond Match Company: farmers would load apples and prunes and pears on to the downward trains, hoping they would make the market in Chico or Sacramento. But the railway never put refrigerated cars on the line, and often neglected the fruit, and business died. There was a time in the 20s when Paradise was prosperous, but for 40 years it sweltered in the summer heat, and everyone forgot about it. "It was in 1954 that the first retired people began to come up here," says the town historian, Mrs Forrester. "They just began to stream up, and now there are way too many. We're trying to keep them out. They're ruining the placeand it used to be so cute and quiet.'

They have long had a word in these parts for this kind of phenomenon; it is called Californication. Paradise seems to be suffering from it and turning slowly—though the Chamber of Commerce would never have you believe it—into some kind of nightmare city one step short from hell.

The story of the road to Paradise, then, turned out to be not at all the way I had imagined it. I had fancied a gaggle of westbound pioneers happening upon heavenly resting-places, and discarding them as new ones appeared on successive western horizons. I found instead a series of very different reasons for each of the nine towns being rather less of a Paradise than its founders had expected. It was either the arrival of tourists, as in Pennsylvania or Michigan; or the departure of the railway, as in Texas or Montana; or the depredations wrought by the multinational companies, as in Arkansas---where a town was ruined by a boardroom decision to plough up cotton fields and plant forest instead. Some towns have been bypassed by time, others-like Paradise, California—have been rudely visited by the 20th century. Only one Paradise struck me as still possessed of the qualities its founder discerned a century or so ago and that, with a splendid flair for the happy coincidence, is the Paradise where the Angels live. For all of them, and for those few fortunate enough to pay a temporary visit, Paradise, Kansas, is truly "a place of exceptional happiness and delight". The rest are places that have been reached by America; this town is still aloof, and in heaven.

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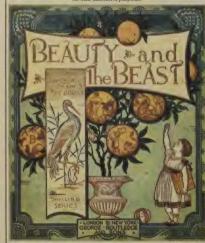
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#### A Walter Crane story book

These illustrations and those on pages 80/81 are from Walter Crane's Beauty and the Beast and Other Tales, recently published by Thames & Hudson at £4.95, with an introduction by Anthony Crane, the artist's grandson. The book retains the original type faces of the three separate volumes published between 1874 and 1876 and was reproduced from Anthony Crane's own first edition copies. The tale of Beauty and the Beast is well enough known but the other two stories, "Princess Belle-Etoile" and "The Yellow Dwarf" are relatively unfamiliar, "Belle-Etoile" tells of the adventures of a Prince who undertakes various perilous quests for his beloved and is saved by a magic dover and there is a twist at the end, when the Princess has to rescue him. "The Yellow Dwarf" concerns a rash promise of marriage made under duress to an ugly monster, a wicked fairy, startling metamorphoses, a mermaid and a sword made of diamond. The stories were illustrated by Crane with a wealth of detail that puts them precisely in the Arts and Crafts period of which he was so prominent a figure. The urn on the title page might have been duplicated in many a conservatory or formal garden, the fan that Beauty holds might have been found ornamenting many a mantelpiece, and the rich brocades worn by the heroines must surely have come from Liberty. Anthony Crane reveals that his grandfather used furniture from his own home as a basis for the illustrations, for example the sofa on which Beauty and the Beast sit, but adapted and transformed for their decorative purposes



The title pages of all three stories in this collection show the bird which is synonymous with the author, but there are differences between that of Beauty and the Beast and the other two tales. In Beauty and the Beast, of the two top oranges growing in the pot one is blank and the other bears a smiling, sun-like face. In the two other tales these oranges have been filled in with motifs denoting the Yellow Dwarf and Aladdin. Other fruits of this fairy-tale tree, which the petiticated child on the right is eager to sample, depict other stories in the series, plus the ABC without which the child must remain unsatisfied.



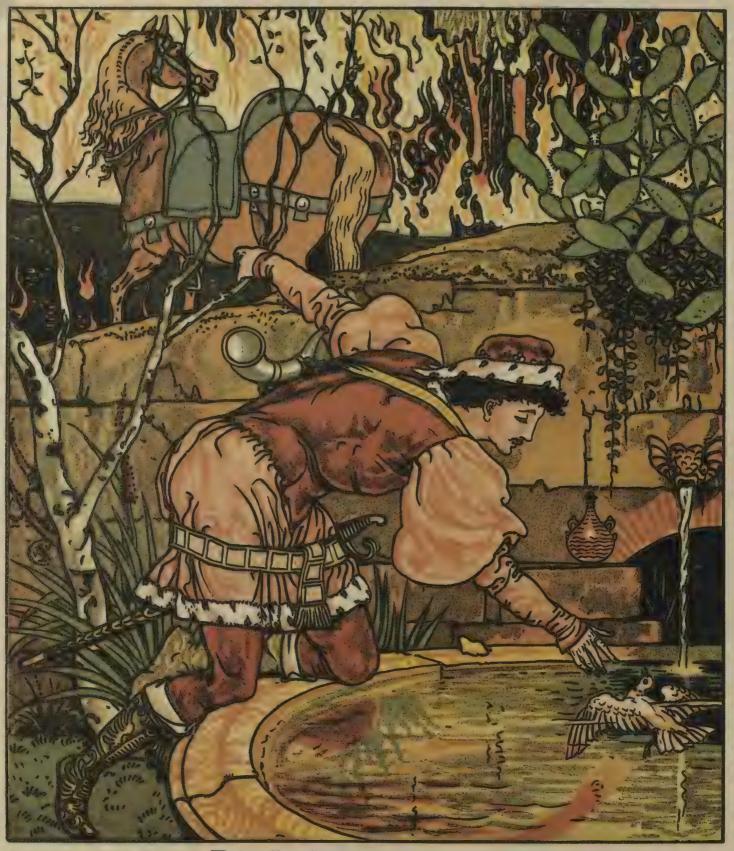




The illustration on the left shows the merchant returning bome with the rose stolen from the Beast's garden, for which theft Beauty's captivity is penamee. Above, Beauty, in surroundings of great luxury, takes supper with the Beast. He is on his best behaviour but she is still apprehensive at his fearsome appearance. Beauty and the Beast, an allegory of compassionate love overcoming terror and transforming ugliness to comeliness in the process, has always been a favourite story. According to the Opies it originated in a collection called Le piacevoli Notti by Gianfrancesco Straparola, published in Venice at the end of the 16th centry. The first version in English appeared in 1761, a translation of the classic text by Madame Leprince de Beaumont which appeared in her Magasin des enfans. Crane's text is abridged and simblified.

From Beauty and the Beast

78



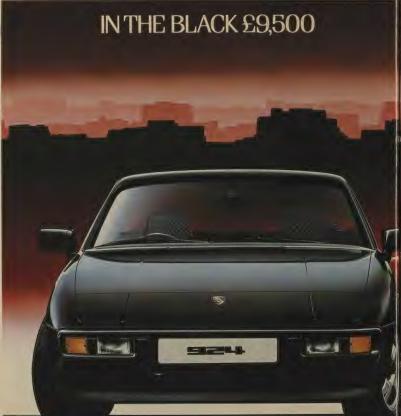
Prince Cheri, during his quest for the dancing water of eternal youth from Princess Belle-Etoile, rescues a turtle dove which he sees drowning in a fountain, a good deed that is to reap rich rewards later in the story. Behind him is the burning forest, the hazard of this particular part of the adventure.

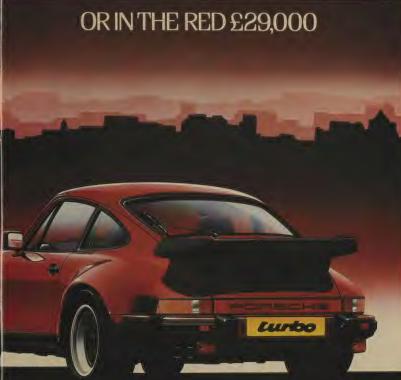
From Princess Belle-Etoile



At the start of the story, the mother of the Princess, troubled by her daughter's pride, goes to consult a fairy who is guarded by lions. She is rescued from peril by the Yellow Dwarf who demands as recompense the hand of the Princess in marriage; and the rest of the tale tells of efforts to renege on the bargain.

From The Yellow Dwarf





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## The life of Charlotte Charke

by Mary Medlicott

With its joke shops, stalls selling homemade wares and crowds of colourful people with outrageous hair styles and swaggering trousers, the Covent Garden of today would have suited Charlotte Charke. A minor 18th-century actress, no longer much remembered, she was in her time one of London's strangest and most eccentric figures.

Charlotte Charke never reached the topmost rungs on the ladder of success and she has often been set aside as dissolute or mad. "Poor Charlotte" is the theme. Yet, especially in an era that is conscious of the needs of women and the distortions that can arise when the needs are not fulfilled, she is well worth remarking. According to Brigid Brophy, the two most fascinating subjects in the universe are sex and the 18th century. The story of Charlotte Charke combines both. She always saw life from the wings, often at its seamiest, and her appetite for it was enormous.

She was born in 1713. The London theatre was in decay. Hisses and sudden acclaim broke or made plays in a night. Fops hung round stage doors and popular entertainment was booming. Into the hurly-burly, cock-a-hoop for her share, came Charlotte.

Her father was Colley Cibber, one of the grandest old men of the stage. Ruthlessly mocked as a pompous bore in The Dunciad, Pope's great blast against dullness, he was mean, a dreadful father and a lifeless, awful poet. He was also unvanquishably vain. Yet his devotion to the stage led him tirelessly to supply it with new plays and adaptations. A highly competent theatre manager, he wrote one of the most incisive theatrical memoirs ever. He was also acclaimed as an actor. Although he realized early in life he was not cut out for hero-his person was shortish and clumpy, Hatchet Face was his nickname and his voice ascended to a high-pitched squeak when he raised it—he was excellent in comic parts.

From infancy Charlotte also playacted. She loved flaunting and taunting and dressing up. Large hats and wigs could have been invented to please her. Showy and mischievous, she craved attention. The last of a large brood-Colley claimed that his spouse and his muse had produced as many children as plays and that about the same number of each survived-she later claimed that being unwanted was the source of her eccentricities. Yet this was not all that drove her on. Another major spur, through a disastrously brief young marriage, the thrills and longueurs of her theatrical career and her fantastically varied life in between. was plain and obvious discontent with the behaviour expected of a female.

One day as a child in Hillingdon, at the Cibbers' out-of-town house, Charlotte dressed up in her father's clothes



and, after entertaining the neighbour-hood from a ditch, had to be carried away on the footman's shoulders to be forced back into her proper clothes. The following summer at Hampton Court, with local children in train as attendants, one playing the violin, she rode into town on an ass's foal. Her father, looking out of the window, cursed: "God demme! An Ass upon an Ass!"

Charlotte badly needed an outlet and the English theatre of the 18th century was a place where a woman could make her way. During the Restoration women's parts had still often been played by men—the reason given to King Charles II on one occasion when he inquired why a play was late beginning was that the queen was not yet shaved. But in the time of Cibber and, shortly after, of Garrick, things were different. Charlotte was never timid like her father's other daughters.

Restless and energetic as an adolescent, she was unswervably set against sampler-sewing. Keen on horses and shooting and other manly pursuits, she was eager for something to do, and her brother Theophilus set her a persuasive example. Before she was 20 years old, she was hanging round stage-doors hustling for parts.

She was soon doing tolerably well. Between 1730 and 1732 she captured a number of desirable parts, proving especially useful as a stand-in at her father's theatre, Drury Lane. But Charlotte's life was never straightforward. Too unconventional and rebellious ever thoroughly to succeed, almost as soon as she got on to the stage she began taking punishing risks.

Charlotte's troubles began when she married Richard Charke, a violinist at Drury Lane, in February, 1729. Quickly she discovered he was an incurable womanizer and almost as quickly left him. The experience probably made her more determined on a stage career for she now had to support not only herself but a baby daughter and the problem of earning enough to feed two lay behind many of the fantastic schemes she dreamt up later when work in the theatre failed her.

A second problem arose out of Charlotte's own mischievousness. Her long rebellion against her father had not, in 1730, gone beyond the point of no return. Though he had not approved of her fortuneless marriage—he was always interested in money—he was pleased with her work on the stage. Yet in 1731 Charlotte plunged into a new quarrel with him. In a satirical entertainment lampooning the acrimonious battle which Colley Cibber had won over who should become the new Poet Laureate, she appeared on stage as Fopling Fribble, parody of Cibber himself.











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### The life of Charlotte Charke

Quarrels between Colley and his daughter became chronic. After a revue she wrote and staged making fun of her employer, Fleetwood, then manager at Drury Lane, she was finally turned away from her father's house and he refused to speak to her again. He also refused to give her money-she was always in debt and always beggingand the rift became irrecoverable when the gossip filtered out in London that Charlotte had borrowed a pair of pistols, hired a fine bay gelding and had waylaid her father in Epping Forest and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not give her money and take her back into his affections. Charlotte afterwards swore that the story was a lie put about by a sometime part-writer at Drury Lane. In any case she was never restored to her father's bosom. Bequeathing her a mere £5 in his will, he cut her off with worse than nothing, betraying just the same kind of provocatively mischievous coldness as when, on one occasion, he had written her the following caustic note: "Madam, The strange career which you have run for some years (a career not always unmarked by evil) debars my offering you that succor which otherwise would naturally have been extended to you as my daughter. I must refuse therefore with this advice-try Theophilus.'

But Theophilus was just as hard up, just as often in trouble. He was also thoroughly unprepossessing. As soon as the two daughters of his first marriage were respectively six and seven years old, he grabbed them from the aunt who was bringing them up and, thinking of the money they might bring in, handed them to Charlotte to be trained in singing, dancing and mime. Worse, he not only sent his second wife, the great actress Susannah Maria Cibber, into the arms of a lover but, while appearing to comply with the affair, he arranged for the two to be spied upon and sued the lover for all he could get.

Perhaps because of their common problem with their father, Theophilus and Charlotte remained friendly. She needed all the friends she could get. In between acting engagements—these included one interesting and productive period at the Haymarket under Fielding—her life had begun to go awry. On one occasion she had suddenly and unaccountably opened an oil shop in Long Acre. The venture was a disaster. She had tried theatrical management and had also written entertainments (three of these were performed). But debts and hunger had always dogged her. She had tried setting up a boarding house in Drury Lane and making and selling sausages. After a long period working with troupes of strolling players, she had set up in Wales as a fancy pastrycook. Back in London, she had worked in a Marylebone tavern, endearing herself to its mistress by being able to converse

with the French and German tailors and peruke-makers who frequented it.

Some of the most fascinating of her many jobs took her into the bustling, crazy world of popular entertainment. She had nine years as a strolling player, often acting from booths at fairs. For a while she ran a puppet show. But the strangest turn of her career, adding spice to all the rest, came when she took to dressing as a man. Apart from suggesting it was to avoid being bothered, an understandable ambition when famous actresses were constantly under siege, her reasons for this were never made clear. But her pursuit of masculinity was avid. Reversing the situation of Restoration times, she not only sought male parts on the stage but, off it, began calling herself Mr Brown and wearing enormous hats. Apparently never revealing that she was a woman, she got several jobs as gentlemen's valets-but when heiresses fell in love with her she claimed to be surprised. The surprise now looks as if it was feigned. Possibly Lesbian or perhaps bisexual, she was never one to ignore the chance of making a free penny.

Later, there was a Mrs Brown who travelled the country with her in her years as a strolling player. They appear to have been still living together in the awful hovel in Islington to which, in about 1755, five years before Charlotte's death, two gentlemen, a Mr Samuel Whyte and his publisher friend, one day made their way through the mud. They had been summoned by Mrs Charke to hear her read them a novel she had written.

It was a strange scene. the door was opened by a tall, thin figure wearing a blue apron. Inside, on a broken chair, Charlotte Charke was sitting beside a feeble fire. On one hob of the fireplace sat a chattering monkey, on the other a melancholy-looking tabby cat and, at the authoress's feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, lay a skeletal dog who, raising bleary eyes, saluted the visitors with a snarl. A pair of broken bellows formed a prop for the writing desk on her lap and a magpie perched at the top of her chair. Her inkstand was a broken teacup, her only quill was worn to a stump. When the visitors had been invited to be seated the business was begun. It ended with the gentlemen buying Mrs Charke's manuscript for the sum of £10.

The novel was pretty awful stuff. However, another work Charlotte had recently published more than made up for the novel. This was the story of her own life. It was vivid and odd, a unique piece of writing, and an unusual achievement for a woman of her time. Characteristically she dedicated it to herself, sensibly recognizing that she was the person most likely to magnify its merits and overlook its faults.

"Permit me, Madam," the dedication ended, "to subscribe myself for the future, what I ought to have been some years ago,

Your real Friend, and humble Servant, Charlotte Charke."

# The flight of the king

by Andrew Moncur

When the Penderel brothers hid the fugitive King Charles II in an oak tree they contributed largely to the romance that surrounds his great escape story. The king, in return, contributed to their family's fortunes with a reward which could also be handed down over the years. That accounts for the payment of a princely £9 made every year to Julian Dallow, a solicitor in the frankly unromantic Wolverhampton of the 1980s. He is a descendant of the Penderels and one of the two dozen people entitled to a share of the grant awarded by a grateful king that is still being paid 330 years after the event.

Charles made others pay for his gratitude. That accounts for the annual charges levied on Hereford Cathedral (£5), St Chad's Vicarage, Shrewsbury (£8.44), the burgesses of Warwick (£6.70) and numerous farms which have, since the Restoration, helped to meet the cost of this royal reward. They, too, are still paying their dues.

The family trust of the Penderels, or Pendrells (the spelling has varied over three centuries), is just one of the relics of Charles II's remarkable adventure. Others remain for the finding in a broad sweep across the counties of western and southern England along the line of the king's flight: farms and manor-houses where he took shelter; secret rooms where he was hidden away; small heirlooms that recall his days on the run, disguised as a servant but distinguished by his manners. They are outcrops of English history, surviving, just as the king survived his six-week escape, by cheerfully coping with change.

Charles's flight began on the evening of September 3, 1651, after his crushing defeat by Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester. The young king, who had advanced so far and no farther from Scotland, only narrowly escaped the bloody final stages of that fight as Cromwell's cavalry pushed into the streets of Worcester on the heels of the royalists. Charles fled for his life—a life which had, up to that point, been dramatic and punctuated by setbacks. He was aged only 21, conspicuously tall (over 6 feet) and dark—"Odd's fish, I am an ugly fellow," he once remarked.

This eye-catching fugitive first headed north, accompanied by a group of loyal supporters including Charles Giffard, a landowner with estates on the Staffordshire-Shropshire border, then a remote wooded area which offered a prospect of safe hiding. Five miles outside Worcester, where others were still dying for the king's cause (a not uncommon experience for Stuart sympathizers), Charles stopped briefly at Ombersley where he took a drink. The inn, the King's Arms, was already an old house when its most celebrated customer called. It dates from 1411 and is still in business in the village's main street.

The royalist party pushed on, staying to the east of the Severn. They paused again at Whittington Manor, north of Kidderminster, another venerable house which had been built by Dick Whittington's grandfather, Sir William de Whittington, in 1310. It is now an inn, where two secret hiding places have been discovered and others are suspected.

Philip Grew, the present licensee, has had a glass panel set into the floor above one priest's hole, which was first revealed by accident when a young plumber was working in the house in 1977. The presence of another, similar hiding place in a chimney was discovered when a false wooden brick was found in the fire surround. It pointed the way to a bolt-hole in a 5 foot thick wall, which is still being investigated. "We believe there may be a couple more, but where they may be I just don't know," says Mr Grew. House



after house which features in the escape story turns out to have a secret room skilfully hidden in its fabric.

The king rode on through the night to Whiteladies on Giffard's estate at Boscobel, near Shifnal, where he first made contact with the five Penderel brothers who were to play a notable part in his escape. Humphrey was the miller at Whiteladies; his brother William was tenant at nearby Boscobel House; John and George both worked on the estate; and Richard lived with their mother at a neighbouring farm.

A broadsheet rushed out at the time of the Restoration in 1660 with an account of the escape said: "George Pendril opened the Dores and after His Majesty and his Lords were entred the House, his Majesties Horse was brought into the hall, and by this time it was about the break of day; here was everyone in a sad consult how to escape the Fury of the Rebels, but the greatest care was to save the King ... his Majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the backs of the chimney and with them his face for a Disguise and some person had disorderly cut of his Locks."

He borrowed a woodman's coarse shirt, a green jerkin and leather doublet. His own clothes went into the privy. "The young man", as Cromwell derisively knew him, was in for an uncomfortable time: the shirt itched and soon he would be tired, wet and limping on blistered feet. First Richard Penderel escorted the king into a nearby coppice where they hid throughout the day. It poured with rain.

The hunt for the fugitive was becoming intense

and most of his companions from the royalist army, who had ridden on north, were rapidly taken by Cromwell's forces. Charles planned to make for Wales. After a miserable day he set off on foot from Whiteladies (now a ruin preserved as an ancient monument) with Richard, aiming for Madeley where he hoped to cross the Severn. After walking through the night they lay up in a hayloft of the barn at Upper House, in Madeley, which is today part of Telford new town.

That barn, which now belongs to Telford Development Corporation, is in a poor state with a dipping roof supported by tilting pillars. Neighbouring buildings in the yard are occupied by the workshops of an engineering company, and unused machine tools stand in an archway beneath the loft that is reputed to have sheltered the king.

Charles remained in hiding there throughout the next day. It was clear that the river crossing was too closely guarded and that he would have to turn back to Boscobel to plan another escape route. Again they marched through the night, fording a stream in the dark to reach Boscobel House. Charles was given a breakfast of posset in the oak-panelled parlour and had a chance to soak his sore feet. Then he was urged to shelter in an oak on the edge of a coppice a short way from the house.

William Careless (or Carlis), a cavalier officer who had escaped from Worcester and made his own way to Boscobel, joined him in the leafy hiding place. They "got up into a oak that had been lopped some three or four years before and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, would not be seen through" and, by that action, started an adventure story that would grow in the telling. Some accounts have Charles perched in the tree with patrolling soldiers underneath discussing what they would do with the king when they caught him.

One thing which is clear is that Careless was slightly more uncomfortable than his sovereign. The king nodded off with his head on Careless's arm, which went numb. He had to keep nudging Charles awake. And it rained again. That night Charles was taken back into Boscobel House and shown the secret hiding place cunningly built into the stairhead leading to the second-floor gallery, which was then used as a cheese store. Two floorboards had to be prised up to create a narrow entrance to the cramped hideaway, a box only about 4 feet deep and wide.

It says something of the king's feelings about oak trees that he chose to spend the night in this tiny hiding hole rather than the woods. The floorboards had to be nailed back into place once he was inside; he could not be allowed a light in case it might be seen through the planks; and he must have been doubled up in the confined space.

The hiding hole remains today much as he must have known it, with the addition of graffiti accumulated over the centuries. It no longer smells of cheese, as it must have done in 1651. There are other boltholes, known and suspected, around Boscobel House, which is now a Department of the Environment property. On the ground floor there is an apparent sitting room which was, in fact, a secret Roman Catholic chapel. The window and a section of the wall may be opened to create an escape route from the house. In a bedroom on the first floor there is a garderobe with a trapdoor in the floor. If unwelcome visitors called it would have been possible to drop through the trap and escape through a little door into the garden, and so to the woods.

#### The flight of the king

Charles was undisturbed. He even had the chance to commission a special meal. He had asked for mutton, a request that sent Colonel Careless off to kill a neighbour's sheep "and the next morning his Majesty slicing some of it, fryed it himself, Col Carelos turning it in the pan, which after his Majestees arrival in France was occasion of a dispute which was cook and which scullion, which being referred to the King of France to decide, he replyed that his Majesty was hic and nunc both of them..."

Charles had time to reflect on his precarious position. He sat in an arbour in the garden of box and lavender and considered the view and his immediate future. From that spot there is today a clear view of a handsome old oak, protected by high iron railings, which occupies a prominent place in the list of things to be seen by visitors to Boscobel. It is, in fact, an offspring of the oak that sheltered Charles.

The king finally said goodbye to the loyal Careless and prepared to leave the house. His departure is recorded in a Latin inscription, picked out in stones in the garden by the proud Penderel brothers, which remains there today. It ends with cheerful words, *Must evasit* (the mouse escaped).

All five Penderel brothers escorted the king from Boscobel on the next stage of his escape. He was mounted on Humphrey's horse—"the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on". It is, incidentally, to Humphrey that Julian Dallow traces his descent. "Nine pounds a year does not seem very much but it is a fraction of the share. The king's original treatment of the family was very generous," he says.

It is also notable that Peter Giffard, one of today's trustees of that grant, is a direct descendant of the Giffards who owned the Boscobel estate at the time of Charles II's flight. "It is a very romantic piece of history," says today's Mr Giffard, who is intimately concerned with its perpetuation.

Charles was bound for Moseley Hall, near Wolverhampton, another safe house owned by a Catholic, Thomas Whitgreave. There he was made welcome by the owner and a priest who "having shewed him the secret place took great care to shift his stockings his feet being extremely galled and likewise to put him on a finer shirt, the extraordinary coursness of that he had on being somewhat trouble-some..."

That secret place may still be seen at Moseley Old Hall (as it is now known), a National Trust property. The king's bedroom, his four-poster bed and the neighbouring hiding-hole all remain intact. The hiding place lies off the bedroom behind two doors. The larger, outer door appeared to be part of the wall. Behind it remains a little door which is opened by pressing a grip in the centre, which lifts a latch inside. This leads into a closet with a hidden chamber beneath the floor.

The king, who took to the hiding place while searching Roundheads interviewed an estate worker outside the house, must have been cramped and uncomfortable again. Nicholas Felix, the custodian of the house, says, "There was a ledge at the bottom where he sat, like a concertina all crumpled up." That discomfort is still recalled annually at Moseley Old Hall when a cheese and wine party is held to celebrate the king's escape.

The plan for his getaway was simple enough. He was to be disguised as Will Jackson, son of a poor tenant of Colonel John Lane, of Bentley Hall, another country house about 4 miles from Moseley Hall. He would accompany Mistress Jane Lane, the colonel's sister, acting as her manservant on the journey to Bristol where he might be able to find a ship out of England. It was decided that Charles should ride pillion, occupying a light saddle in front of Jane's on her horse.



At Boscobel House is the Royal Oak, the successor of the tree in which Charles II hid.

On September 10 they met and began their dangerous journey. On the same day a proclamation for the arrest of the king was published, offering as a reward for bringing Charles Stuart to Parliament or to the Council of State a sum of £1,000. It was, at the time, a king's ransom.

The king was dressed for his role in a suit of country grey cloth "like the holy-day suit of a farmer's son". It was less easy to adopt the manners of a farm boy. At the very outset, when he elegantly offered Jane a hand to mount, her watching mother wanted to know "what goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her?"

The party of five set out, pausing briefly at Goodrest Farm, Hunnington, near Bromsgrove. John Cherry, who is the present tenant of the 150-acre mixed farm owned by Birmingham City Council, recently found a hidden cavity running the length of his pantry wall. The king, in any event, did not need to hide there. He merely had a rest, as the farm's name suggests. By the time they reached Bromsgrove he felt sufficiently bold to remark to a blacksmith: "It is high time that rogue Charles Stuart was taken. He deserves to be hanged if anyone does."

Later that day the words must have stuck in his throat. As the king's party approached Wootton Wawen, on the way to Stratford-upon-Avon, they saw a troop of Cromwell's cavalry waiting a mile ahead of them on the road. According to *Boscobel*, a contemporary history of the escape, they "wheeld about a more indirect way, and at Stratford (where they were of necessity to passe the River Avon) met the same or another troop in a narrow passage, who

very fairly opened to the right and left and made way for the Travellers to march through them." Nobody could have dared to breathe.

That night Charles was, again, conspicuously miscast as a country lad. The group stayed at Long Marston, near Stratford, at the home of John Tomes, a relative of Jane Lane's. The king was sent into the kitchen where the cook, preparing supper, asked him to wind up the jack which turned the spit, a simple task which was quite beyond him. His clumsiness "made the Maid in some passion ask what Countryman are you that you know not how to wind up a jack?" This episode, too, has grown in the telling. A more recent account claims that "the cook, little dreaming that before her stood the fugitive king, struck him as Roundhead troopers came in, saw a cook buffeting a yokel, laughed and turned away".

The manor house, King's Lodge, remains and so does the fireplace where Charles was, at least, scolded. The manor was owned by the Tomes family until five years ago when it was bought by George Jenkins and made into a guest house. The celebrated roasting jack is kept at his home in Chelsea by Air Commodore John Tomes, last of his family to own King's Lodge.

Charles, still undetected, set off south. He spent the next night at the Crown Inn, Cirencester, a town which had suffered during the Civil War at the hands of Prince Rupert. The Crown remains in business today, overlooking the parish church and the market square. The king pressed on for Abbots Leigh, near Bristol—the house no longer exists—where he was sheltered by friends of the resourceful Jane Lane. Charles pretended to be ill and kept out of his hosts' way. They did not recognize him—but their butler did. With all the discretion of his calling he kept quiet



tol so, after a long weekend at Abbots Leigh, the party set off again, this time heading for the ports of the south coast. First they made for the village of Trent, near Yeovil. There, with an exquisite sense of coupled with a pr

timing, the villagers were preparing to celebrate the king's death at the Battle of Worcester. Their festivities were somewhat premature. Indeed, he was reported to have arrived with his heroic spirit—and,

presumably, everything else—intact.

Charles, who by now had been on the run for two weeks and who seemed to be remaining remarkably cheerful, was sheltered by Colonel Francis Wyndham at Trent Manor, a fine house which was able to offer yet another hiding place for a fugitive with a price on his head. It is opened to the public now on just one day each year, when Mrs Margaret Hohler admits visitors to her house in aid of the local church. Her own connexions with the manor extend beyond the days of the Wyndhams; it belonged to her family (the Stucleys) in the 15th and 16th centuries and subsequently passed out of their hands. She returned to live there 26 years ago after her marriage.

Today the hiding place is entered from a dressing room on the first floor of the house. Doors in the panelling cover another, heavier, battered oak door which leads into a small room or closet. In Charles's day the entrance was concealed by a stairway. Before the last war it was discovered that the closet contains another, smaller hiding place. Two floorboards lift up to reveal a hole, little more than 2 feet deep, where a tall man could crouch.

By now troops were converging on the south-west, preparing to mount an expedition to bring Jersey under Parliament's control. Charles had been in exile there in 1646 when his ill-fated father was held

Moseley Old Hall was encased in brick in 1870, but inside it is as it was when the king stayed there.

prisoner in England. Now the troop movements, coupled with a proclamation banning any journey by ship without a licence, made the king's position seem even more perilous.

Jane Lane left the king at Trent. Five days later he set out again bound for Charmouth, riding before one Juliana Coningsby, as her attendant. Wyndham had been ferreting about to find a ship for the king's flight to France and had made an arrangement with a ship's captain in nearby Lyme Regis. Charles and his party went to the Queen's Armes Inn at Charmouth to wait for the expected boat. They reckoned without the skipper's wife.

"... the skipper having acquainted his wife that he had agreed to transport two or three persons into France, whom he believed might be cavaliers, it seems the grey-mare was the better horse for she lock'd up her husband in his chamber, and would by no means permit him to go the voyage; so that... His Majesty and the rest of the company sate up in the Inn, expecting news of the seaman with his boat, who never appeared," Boscobel records.

The disappointed king moved on to Bridport, where he jostled with soldiers in the stable yard of the Old George Inn. Charles, who was fond of talking about his experiences—often to the point of tedium—in later life, explained what happened there: "I alighted and taking the horses thought the best way to go blundering among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into a stable. Which I did and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

Eventually he decided to return to Trent while

further attempts were made to arrange a passage out of England. He was to remain there for a fortnight, staying close to the hiding place and, it is said, cooking his own meals in an adjoining room. While he waited inquiries were made for a ship at Bristol, Swansea, Lyme Regis and Southampton where, finally, it seemed that an escape might be arranged. That hope was dashed at the last moment when the ship was taken over by the Parliamentarians to transport troops to Jersey.

Instead, it was decided to try to find a suitable boat on the Sussex coast. The king's party set out once again on October 6, travelling by "privat ways" and avoiding habitation until Charles, feeling peckish, wanted his dinner. The group broke its journey at the George Inn at Mere (now known as the Talbot) where the innkeeper sat down at the table and chatted about the news.

The Parliamentarians were, he said, in a great maze, not knowing what had become of the king who was generally believed to be in London where many houses had been searched "... at which his Majesty was observed to smile". The tenant of the Talbot Hotel today, Peter Brewer, suspects that there are pointers to hiding places in the building; part of a staircase remains, starting half-way up a wall behind the bar and emerging in a bedroom, and there is some sign of a bolt-hole in the attic.

The king moved on to Heale, near Salisbury, where he was sheltered for a week by a widow, Mary Hyde. There he spent part of his time skulking around Stonehenge, returning only after dark to the safety of the house. Heale House remains today, but it was substantially rebuilt after a fire in 1830. The present owner, David Rasch, says there is no trace of where the king hid.

While Charles remained there further attempts were being made to find a vessel. At last there was news of a skipper who was willing to make the journey to France from Shoreham, near Brighton. The royal fugitive set out on the last leg of his journey, making for Brighton via Hambledon and the village of Houghton, near Arundel, where he stopped for a drink at the George and Dragon. That house dates from the 13th century and probably has its share of secrets, including a tunnel reputed to run from the cellar. "We have messed about in the cellar quite a lot but never found anything," says Susie McNamara, who owns the pub with her husband, Howard. The king is supposed to have hidden in woods near by to avoid huntsmen and later the party had brushes with Roundhead troops who failed to recognize the king as they overtook him on the road.

Charles reached the George Inn, Brighton, on October 14. He was recognized by the innkeeper who, when there was nobody in sight, kissed the king's hand. Charles was told that a captain, Stephen Tattersal, would take him across the Channel in his 60-ton coal boat *Surprise*, which was aground waiting for the tide to turn. The king was woken early on October 15 and taken to Southwick Green, near Brighton, to wait to board the boat.

He was hidden in a derelict hovel, built with beams collected from local shipwrecks, beside Southwick Green. That cottage survives as King Charles's Cottage, Southwick, where it has a double life as a home and a greengrocer's shop, run by Ronald Voice and his family.

Finally, six weeks after the Battle of Worcester, the king went aboard the *Surprise*. At high tide with the wind blowing north they slipped past the Isle of Wight and made for Fécamp where the king went ashore in a little cock boat. The next day he stayed at an inn at the fish market in Rouen where, thanks to his appearance, he was taken for a thief.

He finally arrived safely in Paris, creating something of a sensation, and set about spreading false accounts of his exploits to protect his helpers still in England. The mouse had truly escaped.



Pommery
The Champagne with pride in its heritage.

# Christmas quiz 1 These pictures all appeared in the *ILN* during 1982. Can you identify them? Answers on page 96. More questions on pages 93-96.



























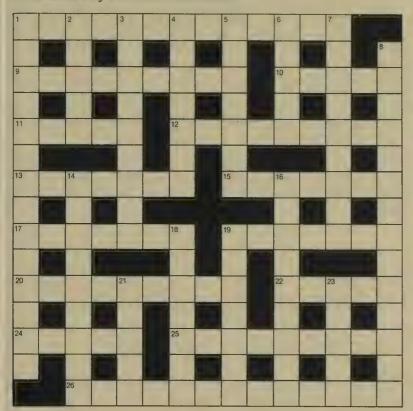
# The yellow mellow cheese from Holland



To obtain a 23½ x 16¾ poster of this advertisement, send a self addressed label and second class stamp to Gouda Poster," Dutch Dairy Bureau, 141-143 Drury Lane, London WC2B 5TQ

#### Christmas quiz

#### 2 Crossword by Edmund Akenhead



- Business discussion with family poulterer about now? (7, 6)
- 9 Bill has two, it's said, as escort (9)
- 10 Rope in some political association
- "As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted—"(Coleridge) (5)
- All for one such old soldier (9)
- 13 One travelling by railway coach (7)
- 15 Goodfellow is up on these measures of progress (7)
- 17 A Nazi leader, silly idiot, found in Belgium (7)
- Loathly sort of calling, thinks Reynard (5-2)
- 20 Strangling of snakes the first sign of such strength (9)
- 22 Having the key copied, opened
- 24 Security device for money at church
- 25 Can it damage gold in coins or otherwise? (9)
- 26 A presently fruitful growth? (9, 4)

- gain (5)
- 3 Impending threat has mice and
- "Heedless of --, they all cried 'That's him!'" (accusing the jackdaw) (7)
- 5 Grant for one who wandered far (7)
- Neat Scottish yokel perhaps (5)
- Today will be tomorrow (9)
- 8 Agreement by letters (14)
- 16 Tracts contain just over 50 creeds
- 18 Penetrates parts on both sides of the
- Explosive spirit containing a burst of ill-temper (7)
- Poe's house master—one holding a black rod? (5)
- 23 Quondam monastic poet (5)

- Drama of a batrachian Jehu (4, 2,
- 2 Caught in the temptation of sordid
- men in trouble (9)

- 14 Scene of Scottish tragedy? (9)
- river (7)

#### 3 Bridge by Jack Marx

#### a West's hand is: ♠ AK J65 ♥ 2 ♦ 10 65 **A** K J8

East-West are using an Acol type system with Blackwood. At the score Love All, South deals and passes, West bids One Spade, North Two Hearts, East Three Clubs, South passes.

West now has a choice of bids. Arrange the following possible bids for West in order of merit: (i) Three Spades (ii) Three Diamonds (iii) Four Clubs (iv) Five Clubs (v) Four No-trumps (vi) Three Hearts (vii) Six Clubs (viii) Four

- b The hands of West and East are:
- AQJ65 ♥ K J86
- 9874 **9**54

- **♦**64 ♣A7
- **♦ AQ103 4**643
- The bidding, at the score Game All, East-West 60:

West North South East No

All Pass 3 🏚 **DBL** The play to the first three tricks:

North East South West **9**3' **9**4 ♥ A **9**6 **A**2 **\$**5 **9**9 **♥**J **1**0 **4**3 4J ♣A

How should West plan the play from this point?

- c North holds: ♠ AK1084 ♥ AQ 975

What should North, the dealer, bid

next after each of the auctions so far? The score is Love All.

North East South West (i) 1 INT DBL No (ii) 1 🏚 DBL INT No (iii)1 💠 DBL RDL 2 (iv)1 🏚 DBL No No d The hands of West and East are:

♠AQ9764 **AJ10** ♦ A542

♥ Q765 43 **♦ KQ76** 

void

the bidding.

South led Club King, ruffed by West's Heart Ten. How should East plan the play?

**108** 

At the score Love All, East has

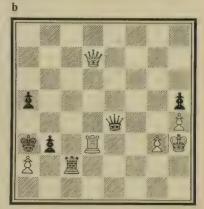
become declarer at a contract of Six

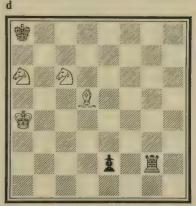
Hearts. North had pre-empted with Four Clubs following an opening of

One Spade by West, the dealer, but

North-South took no further part in

#### 4 Chess by John Nunn





In all four diagrams it is White to move. The problem in diagram a is to find how White won material, while in diagrams b and c White is facing an apparently hopeless position. Nevertheless he has a hidden draw in both positions. In diagram d White can force mate in three moves. How?

#### 5 Who said or wrote?

- a All the things I like are either immoral, illegal or fattening.
- b From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.
- c An atheist is a man who has no invisible means of support.
- d A doctor can bury his mistakes but an architect can only advise his client to plant vines
- e The Bible tells us to love our neighbours, and also to love our enemies; probably because they are generally the same people.
- f I must have been an insufferable child; all children are

#### 6 Where in Britain are?

- a The first house ever to be lit by gas b The cottage where Coleridge wrote
- "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan'
- c The claimed centre of England
- d The model for Mrs Gaskell's Cran-
- e The monument known as "the Taj Mahal of the North'

#### 7 What have the following in common?

- a Agni
- b Ho-Masubi
- c Hestia
- d Logi
- e Atar f Gibil

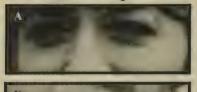
#### 8 Can you say:

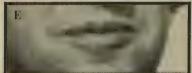
- a Who published the first known collection of Christmas carols, and when?
- b What is the derivation of the pawnbroker's sign?
- c In what direction should the Christmas pudding be stirred, and why?
- d Who is honoured on December 6? e What has the sobriquets "all healer" and "tree of pure gold"?

#### 9 What are the principal ingredients of the following comestibles?

- a Scots Noyeau
- b Edinburgh Fog
- c Glasgow Magistrates
- d Scots Flummery
- e Scotch Woodcock
- f Scottish Farmhouse Eggs

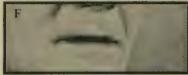
#### Christmas quiz









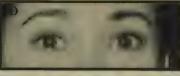








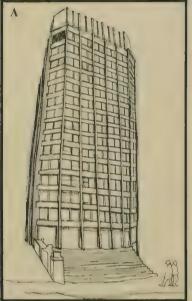


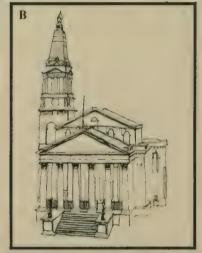






10 Can you name the owners of the eyes, mouths and noses shown above?







**c** Under certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea.

**d** The children were at the Theatre, acting to Three Cows as much as they could remember of *Midsummer Night's Dream* 

e Some of the evil of my tale may have been inherent in our circumstances.

f The primroses were over. Towards the edge of the wood, where the ground became open and sloped down to an old fence and a brambly ditch beyond, only a few fading patches of pale yellow still showed among the dog's mercury and oak-tree roots.

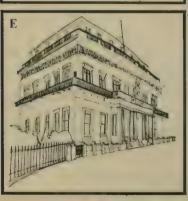
**g** Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically.

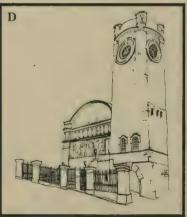
h All happy families are alike but an unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion.

i To dwellers in a wood almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze the fir-trees sob and moan no less distinctly than they rock; the holly whistles as it battles with itself; the ash hisses amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its individuality.

j There, far below, is the knobbly backbone of England, the Pennine Range.







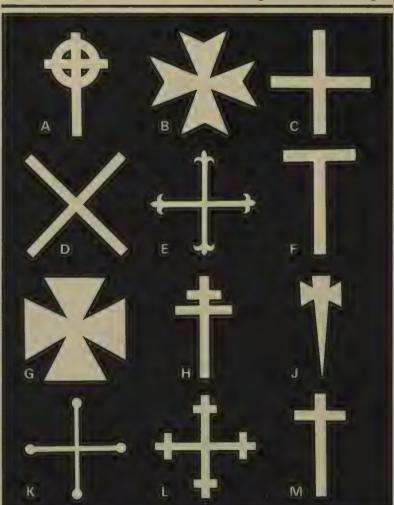
F

11 Can you identify the above London buildings?

12 These are the opening words of well known works. Can you name the books from which they come and their authors? a It was at a love-spinning that I saw Kester first.

b If you really want to hear about it, the

first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel



13 Can you name these different crosses?





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BY JAMES BISHOP



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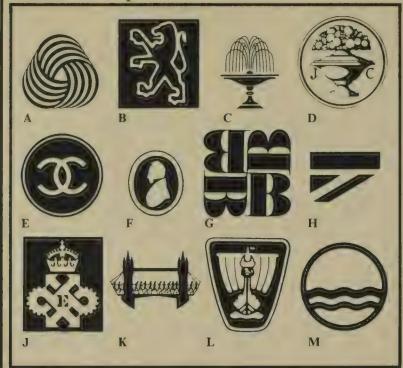
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#### Christmas quiz



#### 14 What do the above symbols represent?

#### 15 In which National Trust houses are the following pictures to be seen?

- a Jean Fouquet's miniature of St Michael Slaying the Dragon, from Etienne Chevalier's Book of Hours b Titian's Man in a Plumed Hat
- c Pieter de Hoogh's The Game of Skit-
- d Hogarth's The Holland House Group e Burne-Jones's Love Among the Ruins

#### 16 By what names are the following better known?

- a Alexander Archibald Leach
- b James Stewart
- c Marjorie Robertson
- d Doris Kappelhoff
- e Bernard Schwarz
- f Lucille Le Sueur
- g Spangler Arlington Brough
- h Marie Magdalene von Losch

#### 17 What are the collective names of?

- a Enyo, Pemphredo and Deino
- b Aello and Ocypete
- c Stheno, Euryale and Medusa

#### d Allecto, Tisiphone and Megaera e Atropos, Clotho and Lachesis

#### 18 Which is the odd one out in the following groups, and why?

- a Aubrietia; fuchsia; geum; camellia; dahlia
- **b** Meadowsweet; water avens; viper's bugloss; blackberry; tormentil
- c Sweet chestnut; hornbeam; beech; oak

#### 19 Can you say:

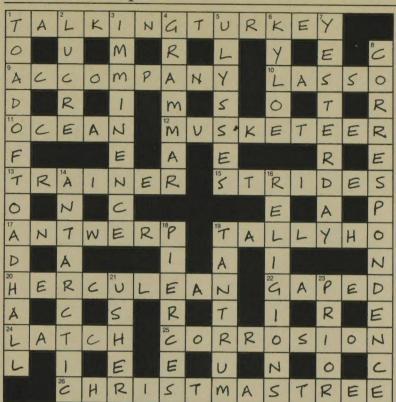
- a What are the events in the decathlon?
- **b** How did Grayco Hazelnut achieve renown this year?
- c Who won the 1982 US Masters golf championship?
- **d** What is the significance of the number 8.744?
- e Who won the 1982 Grand National, and on what horse?
- f Who played whom in the World Cup final in Madrid? And who won?
- g Who won the men's doubles at Wimbledon this year? And the mixed?

#### Answers to quiz

- 1 A The new opera rehearsal studio of the Royal Opera House, which was opened by the Prince of Wales in July.
- **B** British Rail's Advanced Passenger Train after making its first run from Glasgow to London.
- C A 14 foot, 2 ton bronze cannon complete with its carriage being raised from the *Mary Rose*, the warship of Henry VIII, sunk in 1545.
- D Police Constable John Davis and his horse *Echo*, reunited after recovering from injuries sustained in the Hyde Park bomb attack on a detachment of the Household Cavalry.
- E Tom Watson, after winning the British Open Golf Championship at Troon.
- F A resident of Sidon who fled after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, returning to her home.
- G Tanks gathered in Gdansk after the military take-over in Poland.
- H The memorial to Dylan Thomas in Westminster Abbey being unveiled by his daughter, Mrs Thomas-Ellis.
- J Brigadier-General James Dozier with his wife after his rescue by the Italian police. He had been

- kidnapped in Verona and held by the Red Brigades for 42 days.
- K Captain Alfredo Astiz signing the surrender document on board *Plymouth* after the recapture of South Georgia.
- L Rex Hunt returning to the Falkland Islands to take up his duties as civil commissioner after the cessation of hostilities.
- M The two-man Transglobe Expedition, Sir Ranulph Fiennes and Charles Burton, who reached the North Pole on Easter Sunday after a 31-month circumnavigation via both poles.
- 3 a (i) Three Hearts (ii) Three Diamonds (iii) Five Clubs (iv) Four No-trumps (v) Four Clubs (vi) Six Clubs (vii) Three Spades (viii) Four Spades
- There was a time when the standing of a competing bid like Three Clubs as unconditionally forcing might have been considered doubtful, but almost all responders these days will honour it as such. But it is not necessarily forcing indefinitely and West should therefore try to distinguish between bids that suggest that he is hard pressed to find

#### Answers to quiz



another bid at all and those that convey at least some measure of enthusiasm for further action. With this particular hand he obviously has every reason to be enthusiastic, and that is why half-hearted efforts such as Three Spades or Four Clubs are to be found towards the foot of the list. Six Clubs is in the same position because it errs at the other extreme. Four Spades exhibits an almost manic egoism. Blackwood is quite good in that it

will stimulate partner, but West is not at present quite in control of the position, unsure of a small slam if East has only one Ace and equally so of a grand slam if he has two. Five Clubs is a good quantity bid which will prompt East to bid Six on the slightest justification, but partner is left to infer the singleton heart. Three Diamonds is encouraging in that it offers another suit, and has the advantage of keeping the bidding low, but it may place a

strain on partner, who is kept in ignorance of the support for clubs and may be unhappy manoeuvring in the dark at this level. Three Hearts, though it may be considered a lie, has the supreme advantage of banishing fear from partner's mind. It is forcing to game and East can continue happy in the knowledge that West has a big hand and that he himself is not pushing them out of their depth.

b All the evidence from the bidding and play points to South's distribution being six hearts, five clubs and two diamonds. If this is the case. North's holding in spades after the third trick is K103. These can be extracted by West with the loss of only one further trick in the suit, provided that South does not regain the lead before North's Spade Ten has been drawn. Should this happen, another heart lead by South will enable North to make the Spade Ten. West might take the risk of a double fines diamonds, discarding his losing club on the third round, but the odds in favour of success are poor and, should South hold the Diamond Knave but not the King, he loses one more trick than necessary. A far better plan is to test the spade position at the fourth trick by leading the Ace when, it is assumed, South fails to follow suit. West should then finesse the Diamond Oueen and, if successful, play the Ace and a third round of the suit. If the assumptions about South's suit distribution are correct, South will again fail to follow, West can discard his losing club and throw the lead to North. South's hand is now cut off and North's Ten of trumps can eventually be drawn. West will fulfil his contract with the loss of one Heart, a heart ruff, a diamond and the King of trumps

e (i) Three Hearts. North's hand is not of a type which he would wish to play at no-trumps as declarer and it is therefore not very desirable that the opponents should be allowed to do so. Moreover, South may ruin the chances of a really worthwhile penalty by leading a minor suit. North is better advised to go for game in one of the majors. A bid of only Two Hearts would not do justice to the high-card strength and South might pass, fearing a weak distributional opening. Some credit should be given, however, for a pass, in view of the excelent high-card values

(ii) Three Hearts. South's One No-trump bid, after the interposing double, shows something better than a mere "courtesy" response and would justify North forcing to game.

(iii) Pass. The rule of procedure in this situation requires the opener to pass, unless he can either double the opposing call or, because his own hand is abnormal, he does not wish to give his partner the opportunity of doing so. With this hand, North has some, though not complete, justification for departing from the rule. He need not assume, at this early stage, that the penalty to be gained from any contract chosen by opponents will not compensate for the value of his own side's game. However, some credit can be given for going all out for a North-South game.

(iv) Pass. Even with the spades massed on his right, North would indeed be unlucky if he took less than six tricks at a spade contract. If he rescues himself into hearts, he may find this suit massed against him, more unfavourably, on his left. The fire is proverbially hotter than the frying pan.

d North's pre-empt and the unbalanced nature of the East-West hands suggest that there is little hope of an even break in trumps. It will be noted that the Nine and Eight, as well as the King of trumps, are missing and ruffing the second club will therefore result in the loss of two trump tricks. Steps should be taken to dispose of the losing club, and this can be done only by finessing the spades. However, the King of Hearts may be bare, and the Ace of trumps should therefore be played at the second trick. If the King should fall, East should play Ace and a small spade, with a view to setting up the suit, as a safeguard against a bad break in diamonds. Even though the spades cannot be established and the diamonds break badly, the contract can still be made through a squeeze, if South holds both the four diamonds and the Spade King. If the Heart King does not fall, East should enter his hand with a diamond, play the Spade Knave and overtake with dummy's Queen. If the finesse holds, East's losing club is thrown on the Spade Ace, a spade continued and ruffed, and a trump trick subsequently lost. A squeeze position may also be developed as above.



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#### Answers to quiz

4 a White won material with a genuine bolt from the blue, namely 1 Q-R8!, attacking rook and knight. After 1...R-N2 2 NxBch RxN 3 QxN, 1 RxQ 2 NxBch K-B1 3 NxQ or 1 ... RxN 2

QxR White's advantage is enough to win (Pan-

chik-Shurade, Zakopane, 1978).

b White can draw by sacrificing his rook and queen to force stalemate: 1 RxPch KxP 2 R-R3ch! K-N7 ... KxR 3 Q-Q3ch! QxQ stalemate) 3 Q-N5ch K-B8 (3... KxR 4 Q-Q3ch is the same and 3 Q-N5? 4 RxP would even lose) 4 Q-Blch K-Q7 5 R-Q3ch QxR 6 Q-Klch KxQ stalemate. In the game Wittmann-A. Rodriguez, Prague, 1980 White failed to spot this draw and resigned instead! e 1 K-B8! (not 1 P-B8 = Q B-B4ch nor 1 K-K6 K-K5, while other moves are met by 1 ... B-B4) P-N4 2 K-Q7! P-N5 (2... B-B4ch 3 K-Q6 P-N5 4 K-K5 comes to the same thing) 3 K-Q6 (not 3 K-K6 K-K5 cutting off White's king) B-B44 K-K5 (this gain of tempo is the point of White's play) B-B1 5 K-Q4 B-R3 6 P-B8 = Q BxQ 7 K-B4 winning the pawn and thereby ensuring the draw (A. and K. Sarychev, 1928).

d I K-R5! is the key, threatening 2 N-Q4ch and 3 N-N5 mate or 2 N-K7ch and 3 N-B8 mate. After the obvious 1 ... P-K8 = Qch White plays 2 K-N6 and Black is surprisingly unable to stop mate next move. The alternative defences 1...R-N4 and R-N3 are also met by 2 K-N6, while 1... K-N22 N-K7ch is no help either. 1 K-N5? is not so good since 1... R-N!! would then stop the mate in three (C. S. Kipping, 1911).

5 a Alexander Woolcott; b Karl Marx; c John Buchan; d Frank Lloyd Wright; e G. K. Chesterton; f George Bernard Shaw.

- 6 a In Redruth, Cornwall.
- b In Nether Stowey, Somerset.
- c At the medieval cross on the village green at Meriden. Warwickshire.
- d Knutsford, Cheshire.
- e The Ashton Memorial in Lancaster

7 They are all associated with fire. a was the Hindu fire god; b was the Japanese god of fire; c was the Greek goddess of fire; d was the Nordic personification of fire; e was the god of the ancient fire cult of the Aryans; f was the Assyrian fire god.

8 a Wynken de Worde, in 1521

- b St Nicholas, Bishop of Myra in the fourth century, gave three poor sisters three bags of gold as dowries. These became the golden balls of the pawnbroker whose patron saint St Nicholas is.
- e From east to west, in honour of the Three Kings. d St Nicholas
- e Mistletoe
- 9 a Whisky, water, golden syrup, blanched almonds
- b Cream, caster sugar, vanilla, ratafia biscuits,
- c Herrings, herb stuffing, vinegar, peppercorns, cloves
- d Currants, sherry or white wine, milk, cream, eggs, sugar, rosewater, nutmeg.
- e Eggs, cream, toast, anchovies, capers
- f Butter, breadcrumbs, Dunlop cheese, eggs,



10 A Stephanie Turner



E Arthur Scargill



J Giscard d'Estaing





F Michael Heseltine







K Indira Gandhi







L Peter Shore





H Tony Benn



M Philip Habib

11 A Economist tower; B St George's, Bloomsbury; C Imperial War Museum; D Horniman Museum; E Athenaeum Club; F British Museum.

12 a Precious Bane, by Mary Webb b The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. c The Portrait of a Ludy, by Henry James. d Puck of Pook's Hill, by Rudyard Kipling. e Seven Pillars of Wisdom, by T. E. Lawrence. f Watership Down, by Richard Adams g Lady Chatterley's Lover, by D. H. Lawrence. h Anna Karenina, by Leo Tolstoy. i Under the Greenwood Tree, by Thomas Hardy. j The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestley.

13 A Celtic; B Maltese; C Greek; D St Andrew's E Fleury; F Tau; G Patté; H Lorraine; J Patté fiché; K Pommé; L Crosslet; M Latin

14 A Pure New Wool; B Peugeot; C Collins; D Jonathan Cape; E Chanel; F Thomas De La Rue; G Barbican; H British Airways; J Queen's export award; KGLC Marathon; L Rover; MICI.

15 a Upton House, Warwickshire; b Petworth, Sussex; c Waddesdon Manor, Bucks; d Ickworth, Suffolk; e Wightwick Manor, Staffordshire.

16 a Cary Grant; b Stewart Granger; c Anna

Neagle; d Doris Day; e Tony Curtis; f Joan Crawford; g Robert Taylor; h Marlene Dietrich.

17 a The Graiae, guardians of the cavern of the Gorgons; b The Harpies (according to Hesiod); c The Gorgons; d The Eumenides; e The Fates. 18 a Geum; the others are all named after a person.

b Viper's bugloss, a member of the borage family, Boraginaceae; the others are all members of the rose family, Rosaceae.

c Hornbeam, a member of the hazel family, Cor-ylaceae; the others are members of the beech family, Fagaceae.

19a 100 metres, long jump, shot putt, high jump, 400 metres, 110 metres hurdles, discus, pole vault, iavelin, 1,500 metres.

b He became Supreme Champion at the 1982 Cruft's. He is a toy poodle.

c Craig Stadler.

d It was the number of points gained by Daley Thompson in the decathlon when he set a new world record in the European championships in Athens in September.

e Dick Saunders, on Grittar.

f Italy played West Germany, and beat them 3-1. g Peter McNamara and Paul McNamee; and Kevin Curren and Ann Smith.



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